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AS this paper goes to press the facts about the destruction of the Marina have not been established. Should it be shown that Germany has violated the Sussex pledge, President Wilson will have to make two important decisions. He will have to specify the nature of the rupture, the form of action which is to follow it, and the larger diplomatic policy it involves. Secondly, he may have to decide whether to act before or after election. In our opinion Mr. Wilson, even though all the facts are established, ought not to act in so grave a matter till after election. If he should be defeated, the responsibility for the consequences of the decision will fall largely on Mr. Hughes. A rupture would bring us much nearer to war with Germany, and if Mr. Hughes is elected he and not Mr. Wilson will have to conduct our policy. Mr. Wilson should therefore suspend his final decision, lay the facts before Mr. Hughes in case he wins, and formulate with him a common policy. Mr. Hughes may have totally different ideas about the proper treatment of Germany, and if he wins, those views should prevail. His promise to break the Allies' blockade would if acted upon undoubtedly alter the whole submarine situation. No doubt Germany would gladly give up attacks on ships laden with Scotch whiskey if Mr. Hughes as President would secure the shipment of food to the civil population of Germany.

PRESIDENT WILSON cannot commit this country to a policy which will alter the whole course of international affairs, when the election may result in a repudiation of the policy he has built up. Should he be reëlected he may consider that he has a mandate from the country not to break the Allied blockade, but to insist on the maintenance of the Sussex pledge. He has a mandate to break with Germany if that pledge has been violated. Beyond that no specific policy will be laid down for him, but it will be clear that the country does not approve complete participation in the war. Both parties have promised to keep out of the war, and it is perfectly clear that the American people do not desire to join the Allies in the present confusion of their aims. Mr. Wilson will have to break with Germany, but the break will have to be followed by military, economic and diplomatic action carefully adapted and limited to specific objects. Discussion of the nature of that action must however be postponed until the results of the election are known.

ONE undesirable aspect of the campaign consists in the large number of voters whose preferences will be determined chiefly by negative rather than positive reasons. Many independent and intelligent citizens will vote against Mr. Wilson rather than for Mr. Hughes and against Mr. Hughes rather than for Mr. Wilson. Mr. Dooley denies that it is an election at all, and calls it a contest in unpopularity. The two major candidates, he says, are as far apart as the North and South Poles, and as much alike. There is a large element of truth in this comment but it indicates a usual rather than an unusual condition. People who cast a positive rather than a negative vote do so either because they have a lively personal ad-

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miration for their chosen candidate or because they are keenly interested in the accomplishment of particular governmental policies, which he is pledged to carry out. In the present election the kind of personal popularity which gave to Mr. Roosevelt such an emphatic majority in 1904 cannot be attributed to either candidate. Neither has either party pledged itself to an inspiring program of future legislation, as did the Progressive party in 1912. Negative reasons are, consequently, likely to be more influential than positive reasons with many voters who do not automatically support a party ticket. Yet this statement is not as true as it would have been on August 1st. Even Republicans admit that during the three intervening months President Wilson has gained, and he has gained not merely because the ambiguities and weaknesses of Mr. Hughes's position have become revealed in the course of the discussion, but because as Mr. Wilson's reception in Chicago and Cincinnati proved, the President is becoming the object of lively and affectionate enthusiasm.

IN his normal condition Senator Lodge is not an easy mark. A few months ago it would have been hard to take him in with an obvious cock-and-bull story. At that time, if Dr. Charles Harvey Bailey had told him that wonderful "postscript" yarn, Mr. Lodge would have made those urbane signs of incredulity of which he is perfectly a master. But the campaign was almost over, Mr. Lodge is human, he was ready like a good many of us to swallow any old nonsense that looks capable of helping his cause. His power to tell the difference between what will help and what won't had been impaired by the exigencies of the campaign. And so he was willing to believe, by the end of October, something like this: President Wilson bribed Secretary Bryan to sign the "no word or act" note by consenting to add a postscript which informed the German government that our government's tall talk did not mean anything, and that the whole dispute could be settled by arbitration, cosily, between friends, after the war. A man who believes this will believe anything. And Mr. Lodge was ready to believe anything. He believed that Mr. Wilson tried to keep this postscript a secret, that several members of his Cabinet discovered it and threatened the President, who was so frightened that he cut the postscript out and sent the note without telling Mr. Bryan that any cut had been made. The President's explicit denial was of course superfluous for everybody whose credulity has not reached colossal size. Even after this denial, and while in the act of withdrawing his charge, Mr. Lodge does not seem to realize its absurdity.

BUT at this end of the campaign how many persons are left whose credulity is not above normal? It would be unfair to suppose that Senator Lodge, whom accident has turned into an awful example of gullibility, is in any way exceptional. Read the Democratic advertisement which maintains that all the panics in this country since 1873 have been the work of the party in power at the time, and which somehow forgets to mention the panic of 1893, in President Cleveland's second term. Read some of the page advertisements which the Republicans have been publishing about the coming unemployment and breadlines, and which forget to mention that the men who go back to industry in Europe when the war is over will be fewer by several millions than the men in industry before the war. Such advertisements are addressed not to intelligence but to credulity. Campaign managers know that the stories they send out can safely get wilder and wilder as the campaign nears its close. If a campaign lasted ten months instead of three or four what would happen to the American mind? Perhaps articulate speech would become as unimportant as facts and reasoning and probability are to-day. Perhaps Senator Lodge would abandon his Boston diction, and Mr. Breckenridge his warm vocabulary. Perhaps all campaigners would in ten months be making the inarticulate noises of their remote ancestors.

MR. JOHN WANAMAKER has been divided against himself in the closing days of the campaign. With one hand he spreads far and wide documents which looks apprehensively toward the end of the war. He has visions of peace, terrible visions of a time when the European made products of peace will be flooding this country again. He sounds as if he thought buying abroad, in order to sell again in this country, almost a criminal act. And yet, at the same time he permits his other hand to write attractive descriptions of things which he has been buying abroad and would like to sell you at a most reasonable price. For instance, there is that "cherry colored heart shaped cushion" and that "foot bag of ivory rose brocade and blue velvet," both of them "designed and made under the personal supervision of the one woman in Paris whose own charming home has long been noted for the artistic perfection of its bibelots." Mr. Wanamaker is doing something toward flooding the country with these foreign made things. He is even bolder about the English unshrinkable underwear, white or natural tone, for men. "Won't be able to get any more," he writes, "of this good underwear—at any price—until the war is over." But just wait until the war is over. Then Mr. Wanamaker will flood the

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country with this English unshrinkable underwear, if he can get it, and unless a Republican tariff—but see his tariff ads.

ROMAIN ROLLAND welcomes the *Seven Arts* as a magazine of the American spirit. "I rejoice in the founding of a magazine in which the American Spirit may seek and achieve consciousness of its nature and its rôle." This is a fine mission to be credited with, and a fine intention to have adopted, as Mr. James Oppenheim adopts it in his first editorial, and in his declared intention to have his magazine become an expression of artists for the American community. In the nature of things the *Seven Arts* can do much for expression. It is a magazine, it can print its own kind of stories and plays and poems as well as discuss them. It can give its own preferences in art a place in the sun. The seriousness of this aim, plus the seriousness of criticizing seven arts, is the best recommendation of the new monthly, for it takes its work seriously. Its one limitation so far is the preponderance of a group of eastern writers whose quality is keen, but outlook not national. But a first number, as we well know, can only be a rather breathless promise.

AMONG the aspects of the war most difficult to explain is the fate which seems about to overtake Rumania. That country occupies an exposed position with relation to the Central Powers, and possesses a long and exposed frontier, which the Rumanian army would be incapable of defending against a combination of Bulgaria and Austria-Hungary. She had every reason, consequently, to stay out of the war until she was assured of a collapse of the offensive power of the German and the Austro-Hungarian Empires. Her decision to come in indicated that Austria-Hungary had been rendered helpless and that the German reserves were too small to be of use in a new costly offensive. Yet the entrance of Rumania into the war has been the signal for a series of reverses on the eastern front. The Russian attack has been checked in every direction. The Russian army has been unable as yet to carry sufficiently effective assistance to its new ally, and another small nation is learning to its own discomfiture the penalty of earning the enmity of Germany. The German reserves have proved to be unexpectedly numerous. If, as seems probable, the German army can obtain complete control of the Danube and can launch a submarine flotilla on the Black Sea, its position may in certain respects be strengthened rather than weakened by the entrance of Rumania. The business is inexplicable. If the Allies could not defend Rumania why did they let her come in this fall?

THOROUGHLY effective birth-control propaganda without open support from the medical profession is inconceivable. This is why Dr. Adolphus Knopf's recent address before the American Health Association, following Judge Wadhams's much-discussed decision, is even more inspiriting. Declaring birth control "not race suicide but race preservation," Dr. Knopf contrasted Holland's progress under a free dissemination of information with our own "economic loss to families and communities by the deaths of wives and children because of transmitted infections, to which has been added excessive child-bearing." Such frank, scientific approach not only lifts the archaic taboos. Professional and public backing cannot but hasten the day when the present sporadic, misinterpreted effort to distribute forbidden information, often resulting in martyrdom, will no longer be necessary. Should the intelligensia of the profession unite in a demand for the repeal of our obsolete statutes the fight is practically won.

Wilson and Roosevelt

FEW American Presidents have been more profoundly distrusted and more entirely misinterpreted by their opponents than Mr. Wilson, except perhaps Mr. Roosevelt, and the two men have been distrusted by much the same classes in American society and misinterpreted, if not for the same, at least for similar reasons. They both of them sought to accomplish a group of salutary reforms in the operation of the American political and economic system and in the prevailing use and distribution of political power. They both sought to mould the Presidency into a representative agency which would serve to initiate the changes which they proposed to bring about; and as a consequence of their behavior in office they have both contributed essentially to the aggrandizement of the Presidency in the popular mind and to the assumption by its occupants of new and onerous political functions. They have both been accused by their opponents, on the one hand of domineering and arbitrary personal government, and on the other of an inability to resist currents of popular feeling and of a morbid desire to curry popular favor. But none the less they both used the powers exercised as President for the purpose on the whole of giving a more moving and binding purpose and a better working organization to American national life. Hazardous as it is to anticipate the verdicts of history, we will venture one guess as to the comments which historians will make on the political leadership of the first twenty years of the twentieth century. They will interpret the work of President

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Wilson as a continuation of the work begun by ex-President Roosevelt.

The actual connection between the work of the two progressive Presidents is not sufficiently understood, partly because Mr. Wilson has always underestimated his debt to the work accomplished by Mr. Roosevelt, partly because Mr. Roosevelt has allowed himself to become the fiercest and most conspicuous of Mr. Wilson's partisan enemies, but chiefly because the two men were obliged to apply their progressive principles to such radically different problems. Those of Mr. Roosevelt's two administrations were almost exclusively concerned with domestic affairs. His indefatigable initiative and his exceptional gifts as an agitator were devoted to concentrating public opinion on the all-important task of democratizing the political system of the country and socializing its economic system. He expected his work to be carried on by his Republican successor Mr. Taft, but the reactionary influences in his own party were too powerful. The work was not resumed until Mr. Wilson was elected President, when, backed by a more united party, a Democratic President took advantage of the long period of agitation and did more in four years to incorporate progressive principles into the national economic system than his predecessors had accomplished in twelve. Notwithstanding the difference in emphasis which resulted from Mr. Wilson's affiliation with the Democratic party, his work in this respect is clearly a continuation, if not a consummation, of that begun by Mr. Roosevelt. By a skilful use of presidential initiative and sustained by an aroused public opinion, Mr. Wilson wrote into law the connection between a progressive economic policy and national unity.

But in addition to these problems of domestic reorganization, Mr. Wilson was also confronted in Mexico and in Europe by equally momentous questions of foreign policy. In relation to these questions his situation was entirely different. As the chief executive of the nation and the head of its diplomatic service, he possessed more initiative and a larger measure of discretion in dealing with them than he did in dealing with domestic problems; but in the exercise of this discretion he was severely handicapped by his own limitations, by those of his party and by the unprepared condition of public opinion. Just as in the domestic life of the country, the conquering march of industrialism had destroyed the balance of the traditional social and legal system and demanded a rebuilding of American national unity on a foundation of conscious social democracy, so in its relation to foreign nations a similar alteration had taken place in the facts and a similar need existed for the development of a more responsible and democratic foreign policy. The relation to Mexico involved in an acute form all the most difficult and contentious problems which the foreign relations of the American democracy have raised—including the scope of the Monroe Doctrine, Pan-Americanism, the extent of the support which we should give to American concessionaires in foreign countries, and the responsibility of a powerful nation for the internal condition of a weaker neighbor. The relation to the European war called into question the traditional dogma of American neutrality, based on rigid isolation and resulting either in an irresponsible indifference to European international issues or a merely conversational interest in them. But in respect to all these problems Mr. Wilson was inexperienced, his party was ignorant or reactionary, and public opinion in general had never been aroused either to their intrinsic importance or the necessity of working out a new equipment of ideas and methods with which to deal with them. Mr. Wilson was frequently forced as President to make decisions which committed the nation to a particular and a possible costly line of action in foreign affairs, in spite of the fact that he had behind him an ignorant, miscellaneous and unprepared tissue of public opinion.

Of course Mr. Wilson made mistakes, for which he and his party have been deservedly criticized, particularly by Mr. Roosevelt; but in spite of these mistakes, Mr. Wilson's conduct of foreign affairs in its net result can be summed up as an attempt to work out a national foreign policy according to the progressive democratic principles which had already been applied by Mr. Roosevelt to our domestic conditions. Mr. Wilson has broken away from the doctrinaire legalism preferred by Mr. Hughes, which is the counterpart in foreign policy of Mr. Taft's worship of constitutional rights. By the advocacy of the League to Enforce Peace he has repudiated the irresponsible isolation and the self-seeking neutralism characteristic of the American tradition in foreign affairs, and supplied American pacific aspirations with a positive, specific and a realistic program. By his refusal to back up at all costs the interest of American concessionaires in Mexico, he has only been applying to business in foreign countries the standards which Mr. Roosevelt wished to apply to American domestic business. He refused to let the national government make itself responsible for the promotion and protection of any business which was under suspicion. In his treatment of the Mexicans themselves he was profoundly influenced by a consideration which must appeal to every honest progressive—the consideration that the Mexican revolution, in spite of its bloody excesses and its helpless anarchy, was fundamentally a protest against

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intolerable economic and political oppression. Finally, in his handling of all of these problems he has remained faithful to one essential progressive principle which Mr. Roosevelt has entirely thrown overboard. He has sought to make the foreign policy of the country expressive not only of his own preferences, but as far as possible, of the consensus of popular opinion.

Before following Mr. Roosevelt in condemning Mr. Wilson's consultation of popular opinion as the mere negation of leadership, his critics should remember one fact of overwhelming importance. An American President's initiative and margin of discretion in moulding foreign policy is enormous, but its very size and scope only enhances the necessity of being sure of sufficient popular support. Decisions about foreign policy involve questions of peace and war, of life and death. A President cannot ask his fellow citizens to kill other human beings, and to submit to being killed, except in a cause which commands their warm and overwhelming allegiance. Neither can he effectively resist when public opinion is roused to the fighting point. In regard to questions involving peace and war, he must consult prevailing opinion, no matter how much its dictates may run counter to the dictates of his own judgment. In 1898 a Republican President was forced to fight, contrary to his own convictions, because the nation insisted on it. In 1915 a Democratic President made sacrifices in favor of peace, partly because his countrymen did not want to fight. Such consultation of public opinion is required by the very nature of the Presidency as an institution. An American President cannot resign, as can a British Premier, whenever he loses popular confidence. He cannot impose his own perhaps more enlightened will on an inert or hostile country as under certain circumstances royalty might be able to do—as King William and Bismarck did on Prussia from 1862 to 1866. He must serve out his term, and yet he cannot allow the chief executive, which must represent the whole nation, to become divided from it in a matter of vital importance.

In his willingness to make certain sacrifices in favor of peace, rather than to force the nation into a conflict on an issue which would not command sufficient popular support, Mr. Wilson has been a better purveyor of progressive principles than Mr. Roosevelt. His behavior has brought with it some loss of national prestige, which is naturally discomfiting to patriotic Americans; but, as we have frequently pointed out, the loss is not irreparable. In fact, Mr. Wilson has himself begun to repair it. His recent speeches on foreign affairs have been preparing popular opinion for an abandonment of the tradition which had much to do with the reluctance of the western and central states to get involved in the war. He is preparing the way for a progressive foreign policy, just as Mr. Roosevelt prepared the way for a progressive domestic policy. If he is reëlected and has to act, he can do so with a clear guaranty of popular support and understanding. In winning this support he has pursued a Fabian rather than the quick, strenuous and violent method of Mr. Roosevelt, but a wholesome democratic method should almost always be Fabian. Fabianism is an indispensable attribute of progressive democratic policy, because the slower and more patient Fabian tactics are necessary to educate a nation to an understanding of novel public purposes. In this region also Mr. Wilson's method is associated with Mr. Roosevelt's earlier educational conception of American national fulfillment rather than his present conception of fulfillment by means of morally cathartic explosions. It is manifestly a continuation of the great work begun and abandoned by the former progressive leader.

Mr. Hughes Finds an Issue

HECKLED the other day as to what he would do in regard to Mexico, Mr. Hughes proclaimed these three principles:

> First, we will not meddle with affairs that do not concern us. Second, when we say we will respect the rights of small nations, we will respect them in reality, and third, it shall be understood in Mexico, in Latin-America and elsewhere that American rights with respect to lives and property shall be protected.

It is interesting to translate these principles into the concrete facts of the Mexican situation:

First, we should not have meddled with Huerta's right to overthrow the lawful government of Mexico. We should accord American recognition to the de facto government no matter how it secures power. We should not withhold recognition from conspirators in order to discourage them. That is meddling.

Second, we should not have shown any benevolence to the Constitutionalist cause in Mexico. On the contrary we should have given Huerta not only recognition but permitted him to secure loans and arms as well. Respect for small nations would have consisted in supporting Huerta. However, if the Mexican people, asserting their right to revolt, endanger American property and lives, we should not meddle, but, third, we should protect American lives and property by the armed forces of the United States.

What has led Mr. Hughes into this morass is once more his desire to be all things to all men.

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He pays tribute to the rights of small nations because the pacifist sentiment of the country approves those rights. He lays emphasis on the protection of American rights in Mexico because another sentiment demands it. He has not the courage and honesty of Mr. Roosevelt, who openly advocates the conquest and rehabilitation of Mexico. Mr. Hughes proclaims himself in one breath interventionist and non-interventionist. He announces that he will keep his hands off Mexico and that he will police Mexico.

The formula under which Mr. Hughes tries to be all things to all men is contained in the word "rights." He uses it on all occasions and in all contexts. By standing for "rights" he is able to please the pro-Germans who want rights enforced against the Allies. He is also able to please the pro-Allies who want them violently enforced against Germany. By talking about rights, and ignoring all questions of national interest and policy, he is able to appear as a man unflinchingly consecrated to an undeniable truth. But rights, instead of being a foundation of rock, are the most treacherous ground on which a nation can stand.

Rights are not self-evident, or self-justifying, or unchangeable. In the struggle which led to the Civil War every party stood on well recognized rights, stood so firmly that the nation was almost destroyed. The abolitionists stood on the rights of man as proclaimed by the Declaration of Independence, the Southerners stood on their property rights as guaranteed by the Constitution, the northern Democrats stood on the right of local self-government, and the Republicans stood on the right to preserve the Union. In labor controversies to-day the employer claims a right to conduct his business free from interference, the unions claim a right to participate in management, the public claims the right to be free from the danger and inconvenience which results from the conflict of rights.

The European war is a mass of conflicting rights. Belgium had a right to be neutral, Germany claims the right of self-defense, the right of legitimate expansion, the right to a place in the sun. Russia has a right to Constantinople, so has Turkey, so have the pan-Hellenists. Rumania has a right to Transylvania, the Hungarians in Transylvania have a right to live under Hungarian rule. Britain has a right to rule the seas. Germany has a right to the freedom of the seas. Japan has a right to send immigrants to California. California has a right to send them home again. Japan has a right to the Chinese market. America has a right to the Open Door. The Mexicans have a right to revolt, have a right to control their own wealth, have a right to be anti-clerical. American investors have a right to some of that wealth, the church has immemorial rights, our jingoes think we have a right to conquer Mexico, and our pacifists think Mexico has a right to do whatever she pleases.

And Mr. Hughes stands unflinchingly for American rights. The world viewed merely as a system of rights is bedlam, for there isn't an anti-social privilege, a vested interest or a form of parochial selfishness which cannot be sustained as a right. As a guiding principle in international affairs this deification of rights leads straight to confusion and disaster. Have we a right to an Open Door in China? If so, where is it written? Have we a right to maintain the Monroe Doctrine? Let Mr. Hughes read the German professors of international law. He will soon find out that this cardinal tenet of American foreign policy has no legal foundation whatever. Have we a right to exclude the Japanese? Why doesn't Mr. Hughes pause a moment and think long enough to realize that Oriental exclusion, the Open Door, the Haiti protectorate, the Monroe Doctrine, are based not on American rights but on American purposes and American national policy?

Has Mr. Hughes done any thinking about international affairs? He says he will protect American property abroad. Will he? Will he collect a usurious loan forced on a bankrupt government? If not, why not? Will he regard a concession extorted from a corrupt faction as something forever inviolable? If an American bribes a Latin-American official and secures title to some enormous concession, will Mr. Hughes regard that as a right bound up forever with the honor of the United States? They tell us Mr. Hughes always means what he says. The question is, does Mr. Hughes know the meaning of what he says?

He has made a strange picture of himself in this campaign. It is that of a stern, efficient man who knows exactly what American rights are. This stern and efficient man is so ready to fight for those rights that he will never have to fight for them. So stern and efficient and bellicose is he that Britain, Germany, Japan, Mexico and Latin-America immediately yield all conflicting rights at the sight of him—and peace is assured, a "lasting peace" says Mr. Hughes. Japan at once abandons her designs in China and acquiesces completely in Japanese exclusion; Britain abandons her blockade and permits food, copper, cotton, rubber, nickel to pass into Germany; Germany gives up all thought of sinking the Lusitania after one glance at the stern and efficient face of Mr. Hughes. These mighty things are acomplished because Mr. Hughes always means what he says.

Now with all due allowance for Mr. Wilson's

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errors, he at least knows better than this. He knew that to achieve a stability in Mexico which would be something more than a temporary tyranny mitigated by chronic revolution certain cardinal lines of policy must be established: namely, that the American government would not reward a treacherous palace revolution by recognizing the chief conspirator, and that since no man like Huerta could live without American recognition this kind of rebellion would cease to pay; second, that permanent peace in Mexico depends on the establishment of a Mexican government which has the consent of the people and works in the main for their good; third, that since the American Revolution required fifteen years before order was established, and the American Civil War consisted of four years of unusually bloody fighting and twelve years of reconstruction, Mexico is not to be condemned finally because she has struggled nearly four years against an older tyranny and with a more difficult problem; fourth, that Pan-American coöperation would be ruined irretrievably by a policy based merely on American rights, because Latin-America knows, even if Mr. Hughes does not, that the absolute protection of undefined rights is merely another name for imperialism.

So too in regard to Europe. President Wilson knew that the first American rights violated were violated by the Allies, and that the immediate protection of those rights meant not only aiding and abetting Germany but forcing a desperate quarrel with Great Britain and France. The policy of Mr. Hughes pursued logically would inevitably have resulted in causing the United States to side with the Central Empires. If he tried to enforce those rights, which he now promises the German-Americans he would have enforced, the United States would have had to use some weapon. What weapon? An embargo on munitions? Mr. Hughes is for the "right of shipment." With what will he coerce Britain? President Wilson, knowing that larger things were at stake than commercial rights, has entered a protest to keep the record straight, but has not tried to enforce those rights. He has seen, imperfectly perhaps, that the future required an immense adjustment of interests, especially with British sea power, and he has had the good sense not to wreck that future by making it subordinate to a few legal trading privileges.

The difference to-day between the position of President Wilson and that of Mr. Hughes is fundamental. Mr. Hughes thinks and talks still of what he naïvely calls "correct principles," the old legalism of privilege and rights which is the mother of chaos. Even when Mr. Hughes concedes something to the idea of world peace, he cannot rise above the idea of a world court. Mr. Wilson struggles gradually toward the conception of a society of nations, a pooling of force, an accommodation of interests, and a sanction behind agreed and declared principles of international affairs. It is still a crude conception, no doubt, but at least it marches with the hopes of men. In international affairs, no less than in domestic, Mr. Hughes is a lawyer for the reaction.

The Final Blunder of Mr. Hughes

ON Monday morning Mr. Hughes issued a statement outlining his conception of the Presidency and of the principles which ought to guide the next administration. It is formal and authoritative and Mr. Hughes asks the American people to judge him by it.

> "My conception of the Presidency," says Mr. Hughes, "differs absolutely from that of Mr. Wilson. I look upon the President as the administrative head of the government. He looks upon the President as primarily the political leader and lawmaker of the nation."

After pointing out the weakness of Messrs. Bryan and Daniels and insisting that he will maintain peace but uphold all rights, Mr. Hughes announces that

> "If we are to save our laboring men from a catastrophe we must plan a tariff protection along sound, just and economic lines."

What are we to make of these two propositions? In one breath Mr. Hughes says that Mr. Wilson is all wrong in regarding himself as the leader of his party and the initiator of legislation, and in the next he says that a national calamity can be avoided only by comprehensive and radical tariff legislation. On the theory that Mr. Hughes always means what he says, this means that he will devote himself to administrative work and permit Congress to work out the new tariff law by itself.

This is a terrifying prospect. In the first place it is altogether improbable that the Republicans will control the Senate even though Mr. Hughes is elected, and in that case this tariff which is to save us from ruin will be deadlocked and lost. But let us assume that the Republicans do control the Senate as well as the House. Then on Mr. Hughes's theory that he is not a lawmaker and not a party leader, the control of legislation would pass to the chairmen of committees. The ranking Republican on the Finance Committee of the Senate is Mr. Boies Penrose, and it would become that gentleman's duty and privilege to write the tariff bill which is to save the American laborer.

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The charge has often been made in this campaign that Mr. Hughes had surrendered to the Old Guard. The warm personal admirers of Mr. Hughes have indignantly denied this, have pointed to his record as Governor of New York, and insisted that Mr. Hughes was great enough to master the reactionary forces of the Republican party. This is the only positive reason any progressive has ever had for his faith in Mr. Hughes. Now ten days before election in a carefully prepared statement Mr. Hughes warns the voters that he does not intend to lead his party or to shape its legislative policy. Mr. Hughes has served notice on the American people that he is not responsible for Congress or for his party. What does Mr. Roosevelt, whose fame rests on the fact that he was a national leader, think of this? What do men like Mr. Henry L. Stimson who realize the necessity of executive leadership think of it?

If Mr. Hughes acts on the theory he has announced, his administration, no matter how competent his Cabinet may be, will be a disaster. A tariff bill written in Congress by men like Mr. Penrose means literally a bill written by the tariff lobby and logrolled through Congress. It means the old discredited method of trading the schedules and a return to the worst traditions of Aldrich. It promises us the picture of a good executive in the White House standing by impotently and respectfully while Penrose and Gallinger and Smoot and Warren work their will. Mr. Hughes has conceded everything that the worst politician could desire. He has accepted the theory which wrecked Mr. Taft and rejected the theory which won for Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson their high place in our history.

We may look forward then to a Congress legislating without national leadership. It will prepare the tariff in the Republican caucus. The much needed conservation laws will be dominated by Mr. Reed Smoot. An army will be turned over to those patriots Mr. Warren of Wyoming and Mr. duPont of Delaware. Congress is evidently to be free to pass McLemore resolutions because the President is merely the administrative head of the government. And yet Mr. Hughes is pledged to unusually high standards of administration, to the appointment of disinterested officials, to the adoption of an executive budget. How he is to make Congress accept the budget, how he is to end pork and patronage and senatorial courtesy without making himself the leader of his party no one can say. Even though a President were weak enough to abandon legislation to Congress, he would still be compelled to master Congress or fight it in order to secure the purity of his administration. A President who does not become the leader of his party is certain to be its victim.

If progressively minded men, if men with that sense of nationality which Mr. Root speaks of, needed a final reason for voting against Mr. Hughes they have it now. Every one who has thought about American government knows that Congress disintegrates into its sectional elements unless it is held together by powerful national leadership. Every great President in our history has been a party leader and a lawmaker. Alexander Hamilton and George Washington never for one moment acted on the futile theory of the separation of powers. They wrote the fiscal measures on which the Union was founded and pushed them through Congress. Theodore Roosevelt was a party leader and a lawmaker. The energy with which he acted on that theory produced the national revival which will always be associated with his name. Woodrow Wilson has acted upon it, and the extraordinary record of legislation is due to it. Only Mr. Taft hesitated to interfere and the results are known.

Our government is unworkable unless the President is not only the administrative head of the government but a national leader as well. The era of corruption and boss rule from which we are beginning to emerge was based on that very conception of the executive which Mr. Hughes has just proclaimed. Legislatures and parties have to be led by somebody. The historic importance of Roosevelt and Wilson is that both men kept that leadership in the hands of the President, the only officer of the government whose constituency is nation-wide. What Mr. Hughes proposes is to abandon this tradition and yield the leadership of Congress and the Republican party to representatives chosen from districts and to the Senators from Pennsylvania, New Hampshire and Utah.

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EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL FRANCIS HACKETT
ALVIN S. JOHNSON

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On Changing One's Mind

IT is supposed to be a shameful thing to abandon one's belief, scarcely less shameful than to abandon one's child. According to this view a belief is a charge to keep and an object of loyalty. The practical merit of tenacious belief is easy to see. When men undertake anything together, they virtually contract with one another to see the thing through. In such cases a man owes it to his partners in the enterprise to stand by their common understanding unless he can withdraw without loss to them. Since all collective action requires constancy, public opinion puts a premium on it. This is clear enough. But the strange thing is that tenacity of belief should be thought to argue intelligence. When a mother caresses her child and calls it beautiful in defiance of the comment of her neighbors and the evidence of photography, we do not praise her discrimination; we say it does credit to her heart. Those Adventists who after each disappointment patiently rearrange the schedule and extend the Messiah's time, may be admired for their endurance, but they would scarcely be cited as models of scientific method.

In the Age of Faith this was clearly understood. When the Bishop of Paris was consulted by a doubting Master in Divinity who could not "force his heart to believe," the Bishop comforted him with the reply that one's faith was like a fortress given to defend. The man who though beset with grave doubts resists them is deserving of the greater glory, like the commander of a post on the border. "Wherefore," added the Bishop, "I say that God owes you four times as much for believing with your heart in war and tribulation, as he owes me for believing firmly and peaceably." And the sainted King Louis who pointed his moral with this story, asserted on another occasion that "a layman when he hears the Christian law attacked, ought to defend it with the sword only, which he ought to drive into their bellies as far as it will go."

By the same token a stalwart Republican may be credited with a dogged respect for antiquity, or a deserving Democrat with well placed affections, but neither of these merits implies a dispassionate intellect calmly surveying the issues of the day. President Wilson, on the other hand, is darkly suspected of having changed his mind on direct legislation, preparedness or the rights of labor, and Colonel Roosevelt is accused of having acquired new views of American foreign policy with especial reference to Belgium. But while such irregularities might with some justice be cited as evidence of inconstancy of will, or fickleness of heart, or freedom from habit, they argue strength rather than weakness of intellect. They suggest an eye that is watching events, and a head that is contriving policies to meet them. For one is not loyal with one's brains, and the changing of one's mind is one of the most reliable indications that one has a mind to change.

The statesmanship of the future must be inventive and constructive. The man who is wanted is not so much the man who can be trusted to die for a cause, as the man who can solve a problem. The great issues of the day, such as the independence of small nations, the prevention of war, and the rights of labor, are not so much questions of principle as they are questions of policy. The difficulties of the day are not so much due to selfishness or weakness of will as they are due to the prodigious and almost overwhelming complexity of social life. The skein of human interests is badly snarled, and it cannot be disentangled by main strength, but only by the patient and delicate manipulation of the intellect.

At the same time that the need for a free thoughtfulness is growing more apparent, the practice of thoughtfulness is becoming more universal. Here if anywhere is to be found that which is radically new in modern life. For better or for worse the intellect is detaching itself from all moorings, and reconsidering every authority and tradition in the light of experience. In the past, criticism has commonly been founded on conviction. Men have attacked the established thing from the very strength of their devotion to that better thing which they meant to establish in its place. To the popular opinion or jealous authority, the innovating attitude wore only the aspect of scepticism or lawlessness. It was No! to their Yes!, a mere undoing and dissent. But inwardly it was an act of faith. Men have never taken much trouble from the motive of dissent. Your thoroughgoing sceptic is the last man in the world to overthrow existing authority, because he can have no interest in that equally arbitrary authority that will arise in its place. Where all ways are equally doubtful, the present way takes precedence by inertia. The real menace to existing usage is the man who positively believes in something different. It is true that old faiths decay and old authorities lose prestige from purely negative causes, but this is a slow and largely unconscious process in which there are no sharp issues and dramatic conflicts. The heresies which have been recognized and persecuted, which have

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made heroes and martyrs, and which have defined epochs, have been enlivening and not deadening things. A heresy is not disbelief, but counter-belief. A heretic is one who believes something else. Indeed it takes greater belief to be a heretic than to remain what is commonly called a believer. For it requires strength enough to stand alone or to stem the current.

It has been thought paradoxical that the heresy of one generation should become the dogma or superstition of the next. But the fact is that every heresy has from its beginning been a dogma and a superstition. It is not yet old and hardened, to be sure; but it is not less vigorous for its youth. It is from the outset a passionate conviction, not less firm and often more ardent than that against which it is matched. History, although it is discovered backward, is usually written forward, and movements have got their names from that aspect which they presented when they first appeared upon the scene. New things intrude like death upon the old. Being so greeted on their arrival they are often so remembered until their end. But the great heresies and the great faiths are the same things, now coming—now going.

It is likewise thought paradoxical that the persecuted should in turn become the persecutors; that the descendants of the Christian martyrs should have established the Inquisition, and that those who destroyed the Bastille should have cast their opponents into worse dungeons. But there is no error more misleading than that which confuses suffering with mercy, or martyrdom with tolerance. The persecuted have usually been already persecutors in intent. The inflexibility with which they have died for their beliefs argues a determination that these beliefs shall prevail. They have differed not in heart but in circumstance and opportunity from those who for the time were enabled to promote the contrary gospel by force.

History, then, should be read in this light. Setting aside the catch-words by which men or movements have become known, names such as unbeliever, atheist, sceptic, enemy of the faith, revolutionist, iconoclast—we should look for the preferred belief or the higher authority to which such innovators have appealed from the old. Thus the spiritual leaders of the French Revolution believed fanatically in the natural innocence of man, and in his limitless perfectibility under a new social and educational system. Shelley was prompted by this faith when he said, in speaking of his own children, "I, who believe in the omnipotence of education, have no fear for their eventual well-being." Voltaire is commonly regarded as the destructive adversary of religion. But if he attacked the established religious authorities, it was because like the other deists and liberals of his day he believed, with a firmness that to us already savors of superstition, in the immutability of ethical axioms and in the authority of conscience. Here is the faith that was in him: "Le moral uniforme en tout temps, en tous lieux," that "eternal cult," which speaks in the name of God, of which Nature is the prophet, which is voiced by conscience and avenged by remorse. In the same sense, science in dislodging the established religion and metaphysics has used some new conviction as a fulcrum. La Place dreamed of a cosmic mechanism; and in its name dismissed the hypothesis of God. Comte relegated religion to the childhood of the race, and metaphysics to its youth; but he made a new God of humanity, and a new finality of sensible experience. In our own day the Haeckels who cast out Christianity in the name of the Law of Substance, are seen to be only the apostles of a new dogmatism.

Thus the great historic assaults upon authority left the principle itself undisturbed. Faith superseded faith, but the spirit and attitude of conviction remained the same. Beliefs, like bodies, have been supposed to require a foundation to support their downward thrust. Though foundations once thought secure have proved but shifting sands, men have gone hopefully to work elsewhere, not doubting that this time, at least, they had reached bed-rock. The abandonment of a particular foundation has only confirmed the assumption that it was possible to find bottom somewhere, or at least an ark of refuge, or a floating spar, that might save them from every rising flood of doubt. Some have laid hold on the truth that $2 + 2 = 4$, others on St. Peter and the keys, others on *"Cogito ergo sum."*

But to-day there is a new spirit abroad in the world. Conscience is known to be a variable and fallible thing, that requires correcting and educating. Creeds are not recited with unfaltering conviction. Philosophy and science are less final in their tone, and less arrogant in their claims. Patriotism is less blind. Washington's farewell address is no longer accepted in America as the last word in foreign policy. Democracy itself is not reverently acclaimed as self-evident, but is asked to justify itself by its fruits; and even the axioms of Euclidean geometry are challenged. Instead of principles that after being proved are thereafter held to be inviolable, we have hypotheses and policies that are on trial.

This new attitude of mind is sceptical. But it differs widely in its motive and outlook from that which this term commonly suggests. It is neither malicious nor despondent. It does not

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seek to discredit the human mind, nor does it imply a flagging of effort from weariness or despair. It springs from another source—from the experience, namely, that there is no truth so finished and so certain that new data and more thinking may not improve it. It comes from the richness of thought and not from its poverty. It bespeaks an eagerness to learn more, even from one's opponents. Or to put it shortly, it signifies less love of truths, but more love of truth.

I am not unaware that action, and above all the concerted action of a group, requires a basis of conviction. The mood of doubt begets no achievement. One must commit one's self if one is to go forward. The fear of error may only paralyze the will; and men may pass their lives ineffectually waiting for that perfectly satisfying solution which never comes. But this objection is not fatal, because it is possible to adopt beliefs provisionally; or to be open to conviction without being empty of conviction. It is possible to cross bridges without burning them. There are men who have achieved this human capacity to be strong and positive, and positive without being bigoted and intolerant. This, then, is the capacity and the possibility which must be more commonly realized, if thought and action are to reinforce and not destroy one another. One must keep one's eyes open in the heat of action, and combine ardor with watchfulness. In the case of social policy there is an additional reason for this union of faculties; for a social policy can be proved only by being put into effect. From the moment when it is put into effect evidence begins to accumulate that will establish its wisdom or its folly. Hence it is necessary that social policies should be undertaken with a will, but corrected or abandoned without stubborness if they fail. And it follows that since all will be wiser after than before the experiment, it is impossible to regard as conclusive any argument for socialism, or the enforcement of peace, or any other untried policy, when the argument is formulated in advance.

The fanatical mind has its tactical use. Mr. Roosevelt's "lunatic fringe" serve as the Uhlans or Cossacks of the advancing movement. They harass the enemy, spy out the land, supply the verve of the attack, and through their very blindness and headlong momentum they may consummate the victory or make possible the retreat. But the issue of the campaign will depend finally on the vigilance and alertness of the mind that can exert force while holding it well in hand, and is prepared to revise the plan of battle as the battle itself develops.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Hindenburg in the Saddle

IT is by no mere chance that the latest German victories in Rumania coincided so closely with the French successes on the east bank of the Meuse. For it must now be plain even in the humblest German home that the very last of the German reserves at Verdun have been withdrawn, and that the Crown Prince's great attack is ended, not, as has been so often said, merely suspended. Those very troops are doubtless some of them in the Dobrudja now; some are at Péronne, at Kovel, at Lemberg, at Monastir, at Predeal in Rumania. They are fighting by the side of Bulgars and Magyars and Turks; Falkenhayn's policy is reversed; there is to be defensive in the west, offensive in the east.

Now this reversal of military policy is probably understood better everywhere else than in Germany, for when Falkenhayn found that the difficulties of carrying Verdun were greater than he expected he caused reports to be generally diffused throughout Germany to the effect that ultimate victory was certain, even if delayed. These reports were implicitly believed at home, though not abroad. Even after the Allied attack on the Somme had drawn off large forces from Verdun, Falkenhayn still insisted that the Crown Prince's siege operations were only suspended, not ended, and this also was believed by the German populace, and by no one else. Of course Falkenhayn's opponents at home did not believe Falkenhayn, and when they got a chance to reverse his policy they did so. But here they found themselves in a dilemma; for Falkenhayn had so wrought on German feelings with regard to Verdun, and particularly with regard to certain strongholds like Dead Man's Hill, Vaux, and above all Douaumont, that his successors did not know how to explain a defensive policy to the people.

It is in a situation such as this that Hindenburg's prestige is invaluable. It was thought that Hindenburg could do what no one else could do, and this was one reason for his promotion to the supreme command. Yet his report on Douaumont, unlike his short and clear accounts from the east front, is insincere. It is worth appending:

> Army Group of Crown Prince Frederick William —A French attack the day before yesterday northeast of Verdun, favored by misty weather, advanced

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> beyond the destroyed trenches as far as the fort and village of Douaumont. The fort had been evacuated by the garrison. We did not succeed in reoccupying the works before the evening entered. Our troops took prepared positions close to the north of the fort, in a majority of cases only upon strict command, and then reluctantly. In these positions yesterday all further French attacks, especially violent ones against Vaux, were repulsed.

The idea conveyed by this report is that the French sneaked up during a fog, at a time when the garrison of Douaumont was away doing something else, and that the garrison was not allowed to recapture the fort though they wished to do so. From the tenor of the report it is evident that Hindenburg himself apprehends difficulties, from the point of view of German public opinion, in carrying out his present policy of a defensive in the west. This is interesting to note, before we turn to the scene of the German offensive in the east, because the division of German military opinion is becoming better understood; because the two factions are known to appeal to the political parties and to use public opinion in the cause of their strife; and because a German reverse on the west front may at any time be used by Hindenburg's opponents to tie Hindenburg's hands in the east. The interrelation of all the fronts is now complete in every detail; and response is instant. That is a fact which ought never to be forgotten.

Now Hindenburg, while on the defensive against the French, the British, and the public opinion stirred up by his predecessor, is endeavoring to crush Rumania and to clear the way through to the east once and for all. He is using the reserves concentrated by Falkenhayn against Verdun entirely in the southeastern theatres of war, at least such as are not needed for purely defensive purposes in the west.

In these operations he has so far been almost completely successful. Mackensen, by his victory on the Cernavoda-Constanza railway line, is now virtually in control of the southern bank of the Danube, all the way to the Black Sea. Hindenburg has thereby definitely averted the danger of a Russian advance on Constantinople through the Dobrudja. Bulgaria and Turkey can now consider themselves safe from the north. Whether or not the operations in the Dobrudja are to be followed by a crossing of the Danube, it is difficult to say, but the results principally desired in the Dobrudja have already been achieved.

So far as the Transylvanian campaign is concerned, Hindenburg without doubt regards the Rumanians as merely a very vulnerable left wing of the Russians, which might with considerable profit be rolled up. Falkenhayn's troops have shown a tactical value infinitely superior to their Rumanian opponents, by whom they have probably been outnumbered; and it must not be forgotten the fighting has so far taken place in the mountains, and that the tactical value just mentioned is likely to increase just as soon as the Rumanian plains are reached. The Rumanians are certainly in difficulties and appear to require a large degree of stiffening. The fault is principally with the officers, not with the human material, for the Rumanian is naturally a brave and sturdy soldier.

Now if the armies of Falkenhayn do reach the plains and there defeat the Rumanians in pitched battles, the effect will eventually be to drive the surviving elements north into Moldavia, thereby extending the Russian line southward to the Black Sea. This is no doubt the immediate objective of Hindenburg's strategy, beyond which a campaign against Odessa would be possible. In that case Rumania would become an element in the war scarcely more considerable than Serbia. The Allies, particularly Russia, are well aware of this, and great efforts are therefore likely to be made on all the fronts before Rumania's destruction becomes an accomplished fact. But Allied aid to Rumania is likely to be indirect rather than direct, and it is becoming doubtful whether anything but direct aid, in the shape of large Russian reinforcements, can save her. Rumania is to-day in great danger, and particularly in case of panic, Hindenburg's strategy is likely to prevail. But as was explained previously, an Allied victory elsewhere, provided it shocked public opinion sufficiently in Germany, might change the face of things on every front, even including the Rumanian front, and save the situation. That Hindenburg fears such a possibility, remote though it may be, his official reports leave no doubt.

GERALD MORGAN.

What is Exploitation?

MY western friend who runs a prosperous stove-factory has been finding fault with my insistent use of the word "exploitation." My outlook on life is not sufficiently cheerful, and I am inclined to see malevolence where everything is, as they say at college, healthy, hearty and happy. Our quarrel rose over the Mesaba strike, and my acceptance of an I. W. W. pamphlet as a plausible account of what was going on there. The accounts of the insecurity of pay, the petty robberies, the reeking houses, the bigoted opposition to labor organization, seemed to me to smell of truth, because I had read the maddening tales of Colorado and West Virginia, and seen with my own eyes in Scranton and Gary and Pittsburgh the way workers

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live, not in crises of industrial war but in brimming times of peace.

My friend, however, is more robust. He would make no such hasty impassioned judgments. He would judge nothing without "going to the mines, working in them for a year or two, being one of the men, getting their free confidence, then working for a couple of years as confidential auditor for the company." Such Olympian judiciality fills me with envy and dismay. I feel that his serenity is the normal mood of healthy activity, facing the modern world. Could he find anything but scorn for those of us who go around with the vestiges of what it is now priggish to call a "social conscience?" To him an industrial strike is like an exciting political contest or the recriminations between "two kid baseball teams." Both sides, he says, "squawk a good deal about the raw stuff the other side is trying to pull off," but deep down, his experience convinces him, "they are very uniformly a pretty human bunch." He hasn't been to Mesaba, but his friend the Duluth bread-dealer assures him that agitators were the cause of all the trouble. They always are. Trouble, to my friend, is a personal matter. He sees individuals, laboring as happily as they can expect to labor on this far from perfumed earth. He sees their contentment disturbed by "outsiders," individuals, bitter envious mischievous men who make a business of setting workmen against their employers. He sees the "outsiders" deluding, persuading, intimidating honest workers into stopping work and engaging in careers of lawlessness. He sees the individual employer in natural self-defense fighting for his rights, defending his property, ousting the agitators, carrying the war into his laborers' camp. From the busy office of his stove-factory, it all looks like a personal quarrel between free and equal individuals. When the state interferes with its militia and its injunctions, it is not flouting individuality, but merely doing its business of maintaining order and defending private property.

Our argument really hinges on whether to the workman all this excitement and deprivation and delusion is not part of the daily business of living. I am too tender-minded. What is at the back of my confused hints that there is "something shameful, something consciously brutal" about industrial relations? My friend admits that he has in his shop men who work in places that are noisy and dusty, in hot places, in rooms where paint is being sprayed. He has workmen who do their work at night the year round. He is sorry. He wishes these things did not have to be, and he is remedying them as fast as he can. What he will not admit is that any one is "specifically to blame." He does not imprison his men. They come freely to him and ask for employment. He "gives them such compensation as makes the jobs attractive to them, in competition with all other jobs in city and country." He is fair and scrupulous. His company is in business to produce goods at such cost that people can afford to buy them. He cannot make his plant a sanatorium—and when he says this the faintest note of irony steals into his robust voice—for his wage-earners. The stockholders have built a factory and not a philanthropic institution. If the workers did not like his factory, would they send for their brothers and cousins from the old country across the sea? If these "hunkies" in stove-factory and iron mine were being "exploited," would they not drift speedily away to jobs where they were content? My friend cannot imagine a man being willingly exploited. There are, no doubt, heartless employers; workmen here and there are perhaps subject to oppression. But systematic, prevalent industrial exploitation—and he has worked in all parts of the country and at every level of skill—my stove-factory friend has never seen. And he turns aside from my abstract philosophy to the daily manipulation of stoves and men.

What then do I mean by exploitation? And I have to remind my friend that my very first industrial experience was one of those rudimentary patterns of life which, if they are imprinted on your mind early enough, remain to fix the terms in which you interpret the world. The experience was leaving school to work for a musician who had an ingenious little machine on which he cut perforated music-rolls for the players which were just then becoming popular. His control of the means of production consisted in having the machine in his house, to which I went every morning at eight and stayed till five. He provided the paper and the music and the electric power; I worked as a wage-earner, serving his skill and enterprise. I was on piece-work, and everything suggested to my youthful self that it depended only upon my skill and industry how prosperous I should become. But what startled me was my employer's lack of care to conceal from me the fact that for every foot of paper which I made he received fifteen cents from the manufacturer with whom he had his contract. He paid me five, and while I worked, spent his time composing symphonies in the next room. As long as I was learning the craft, I had no more feeling about our relation than that there was a vague injustice in the air. But when I began to be dangerously clever and my weekly earnings mounted beyond the sum proper for a young person of eighteen who was living at home, I felt the hand of economic power. My piece-rate was reduced to four and a half cents. My

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innocence blazed forth in rebellion. If I was worth five cents a foot while I was learning, I was worth more, not less, after I had learned. My master folded his arms. I did not have to work for him. There were neighbors who would. I could stay or go. I was perfectly free. And then fear smote me. This was my only skill, and my timorous inexperience filled the outside world with horrors. I returned cravenly to my bench, and when my employer, flushed with his capitalistic ardor, built another machine and looked about for a young musician to work it, I weakly suggested to an old playmate of mine that he apply for the position.

Enlarge my musician into the employing class of owners and managers and shareholders of factory and mine and railroad, and myself into the class of wage-earners in all these enterprises, and you have the picture of the industrial system which the I. W. W. agitator has in his mind when he writes the Mesaba pamphlet to which my friend took such exception. With my five cents making that huge differential of profit for my employer, and with my four and a half cents giving his enterprise a productiveness which, if he had incorporated himself, he could have turned into additional capitalization, I was a crude symbol of the industrial system as my mind gradually took in the fact that there was an industrial system. This was my first experience in "exploitation." If there had been fewer musicians available I should have gotten more pay, and if there had been more available I should probably have had even less. But there would always have been a surplus, and I should have always felt the power of my employer to skim it, to pull it towards himself. As long as I continued at work, nothing could have removed my sense of helplessness. Any struggle I might have made would have been only towards weakening his pull, and lessening the amount he was able to skim. He was not robbing me, and no person of sense would have said he was, but our very relation was an exploitation. There was no medium way between exploitation and philanthropy.

My stove-factory friend, however, will have none of this theory. If it is a question of power, he says, then Mike Solomon exploits the stove company when he is able to get three dollars a day, on account of the present demand for labor, when two dollars was wealth to him a year ago. Then I admit that local groups of workers are able—either through lack of competition or clever politics or display of force—to exercise temporarily a decisive pull on the surplus and divert most of it to themselves. It is all a question of power. But as long, I tell him, as the employer is entrenched in property rights with the armed state behind him, the power will be his, and the class that does the diverting will not be labor. My friend, however, does not like these Nietzschean terms. He is sure that his workmen have just as much power to exploit him as he has of exploiting them. This is where we differ, and this is why thought will buzz in an angry murky haze over eight-hour bills and individual contracts and collective bargaining as long as millions agree with him. He trusts rights, I trust power. He recognizes only individuals, I recognize classes.

That is why I can never make him understand what I mean by "exploitation." He thinks of it as something personally brutal. He does not see it inherent in a system, for which no one is "specifically to blame" only because all are equally guilty of short vision and flimsy analysis. And yet as I read his letters and clippings, I wonder if he is not the realist and I the mystic. He punctures my phrases of power and class with a coarse satisfied hunky to whom work and disease and riot are all in the day's work and who would despise the philosophy which I am so anxiously weaving for him. It seems a long way from my dainty music-bench to the iron range, or the stove-factory. One has to feel exploitation perhaps before one understands it. I console myself with the thought that power is itself mystic, and that my friend will have to get hit with some invisible threat of class-force, as some of his frightened friends are now getting hit, before he will analyze any deeper that industrial system of which he is so efficient and loyal an officer.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Portrait of My Right Hand

PAULINE'S entrance into the office each day is in the nature of a minor cyclone. She has never been on time since the day she applied for the job. Any time between fifteen minutes and two hours after the other clerks are settled at their desks, Pauline rushes in.

True, her little toque and smart suit are the same neat, standardized concoctions that all business-like girls in the downtown district wear, but beneath the outward convention of neatness—heavens! Pauline's hair straggles excitedly the minute she removes her hat and veil. Her waist—Pauline, did you think I never noticed such things?—is invariably starting divorce proceedings with her skirt. She removes hat and coat, sits down at her desk and begins to typewrite frantically a half-page or so. Then there is a pause. Pauline is surreptitiously employing her nail file to complete her morning toilet. During odd moments

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she pins up the straying locks with hairpins that are mixed up with the pencils, typewriter brush and unopened sticks of chewing gum in the top drawer of her desk. By noon-time she is perfectly groomed for the day.

Pauline frankly dislikes business. She calls it "the daily grind" and affects no enthusiasm about it. Monday morning she is especially loath to tackle work; there is so much staring unseeingly out of the window that I tease her, and usually she responds with a sigh, "Oh dear, why wasn't I born rich instead of good-looking?"

One day she marched in at ten o'clock, arrayed in the very latest imitation Fifth Avenue costume. (Pauline is of medium height, slender, and her figure has, in its time, adjusted to the idiosyncrasies of the Debutante Slouch, Lame Duck and Castle Walk. She looks "smart" in anything fashionable.) Pauline usually flings off hat and coat in mad haste. This morning she was slow. I know Pauline. So, without raising my eyes from my desk, I remarked, "Yes, it's very becoming." Pauline's big brown eyes dilate with pleasure, her teeth sparkle in a delightful smile, as she bubbles, "Do you really think so? I'm *so* glad."

Then I scrutinize her more severely. "Yes, it's becoming, but aren't you ashamed to wear such expensive clothes? You can't afford them on your salary, you know." Pauline sobers instantly. She is penitent, apologetic, pathetic. "You don't know how I saved and scrimped to get this suit," she explains. "I've been paying the tailor so much a week since I came back from my vacation, and I guess I'll have to keep on paying till the suit's almost worn out."

I am hard on Pauline that day. "My dear girl, what's the use of your working at all if you spend your salary entirely on clothes? Give up your job. Stay home. Go out and play. Have a good time in 98-cent shirt-waists and $3 skirts." Pauline's eyes snap at me viciously. "Wish I could. Only reason I work is to keep myself from starving. I'm not in love with my job, goodness knows." This is a double-edged thrust. I feel that I have not made Pauline's job as interesting to her as I occasionally delude myself I am doing.

And yet I know that Pauline is attached to many phases of her work. She likes to be handed a stack of correspondence to answer by herself. She likes to act as a buffer between me and unwelcome callers, and especially to plan the details of a new piece of work with me. But unless my dictation is personal or controversial matter that keeps her in suspense, I bore her. She slumps in her chair, looks out of the window immediately after she pot-hooks each sentence, and far from concealing her abstraction, she yawns generously and deliberately behind her conspicuously upraised hand.

But Pauline turns out perfectly written, perfectly spelled, perfectly punctuated letters of immaculate neatness, and so I am meek before her, as the man married to an ugly woman who is a heavenly cook. Chiefly do I bear with her because the times when she chooses to be nimble-witted and sympathetic she is a tremendous stimulus to me. She can comprehend my instructions before I have finished my sentence. She dares to interrupt me with a good suggestion while I am dictating to her. What matters it, then, that she does everything but snore when she is not interested?

Basically, Pauline has not an ounce of intellectuality in her. She is simply my office champagne, and her very froth and charming irresponsibility stimulate me. Occasionally she astounds me by uttering something ostensibly thoughtful, but when I fasten on it hopefully, I find that her comment was only a bit of precocity, not the outgrowth of any thought-plant within.

Pauline is my good right hand, but she is unlike the staid and trustworthy mediocrities with whom I struggled before her era, because I can never be positive about what Pauline will do. She is absolutely undependable. She forgets to do the things she dislikes to do. I never know whether Pauline will be at her desk at 9 in the morning or 2 in the afternoon, or whether she will be at her desk at all. Dozens of times she has telephoned me at noon, most sadly regretting the sickness that kept her from the office that day, and almost weeping over the inconvenience I was suffering. Several times I found an early greeting on my desk in the shape of her letter of resignation. I despatched a messenger to Pauline's home, bearing her letter and my statement scrawled across the top, "Come back and finish my dictation, or I'll have you arrested!" And Pauline, caring more for my banter than for her job, returned in charming meekness.

Pauline knows I like her, but she has no sentiment about me. Twice she resigned because she was offered $1 a week more elsewhere. I taxed her with disloyalty as I responded to the hold-up, but Pauline said defensively, "I need the money," and that settled it. Once our general manager suggested promoting Pauline to a higher post suddenly made vacant. I hated to lose her, but after all, what right had I to stand in the way of her promotion? So, with supreme self-abnegation, I apprised Pauline of her great opportunity. To my amazement she absolutely declined the promotion. My heart leaped at this evidence of loyalty to me, until Pauline remarked, very matter-of-factly, "I sure would like the salary that goes with

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the job, but I don't want the worry and responsibility." "But think, Pauline," I urged, "that's one of the best jobs in the company for a girl. If you behave yourself and learn how to come in early in the mornings"—Pauline shot a look of scorn at me—"you may be earning $40 a week in two or three years." Pauline stuck a sheet of paper in her machine and began to typewrite slowly. "I guess I won't need a job in three years from now," she remarked complacently.

Pauline has a childlike habit of expecting to happen the things she desires to happen. She looks to life only to provide her with what she calls "a good time." She expects not to continue to work, because she dislikes business. She expects to be married, because that seems the pleasant, comfortable thing to do. And yet she has ideals about marriage.

She appeared at noon one day, explaining her morning absence by the remark that her sister's wedding occurred the night before. "Is sister marrying a nice man?" I asked. Pauline snorted. "Nice? Yes, awfully nice. He's so mad about Lillian that he's a perfect doormat for her. But I don't see how she chloroformed herself into marrying him. She's told me time and again that she hates him and couldn't bear him around if it wasn't that he shows her such a good time. The only reason she married him is that she's been out of work and got tired looking for a new job." "Well, Pauline," I asked seriously, "wouldn't you prefer noble wifehood to a job?" "Of course, I'm going to marry some day," returned Pauline with no uncertainty, "but it will be a long cold day before I marry for a meal ticket!"

I am curious to see the young Lochinvar to whom Pauline will yield her heart. Evidently—from the one-sided telephone conversations I overhear—she produces the same impression on her men friends socially as she does on me in business, alternately stimulating, interesting and aggravating them. Anything is an excuse for perpetrating a joke, and no one is sacred from her sharp and flippant tongue. Love and marriage are charming Elysian fields wherein she intends to spend her time being adored as no other woman has been adored before, but I know there isn't a thing she expects to do for a man.

I understand the high signs when a new young man hovers over Pauline's horizon. There is a hasty preparation of new ammunition. Pauline wants clothes, more clothes, with which to overwhelm the unfortunate victim. She sends me a typewritten slip requesting my O. K. "No, Pauline," I announce positively, "you know there's a rule against I. O. U's from employees unless in case of great need." "But I can't have my dress for Sunday if I don't get an advance," she protests tragically. Have I no morals? Would I shatter love's young dream for a petty rule, and bow her down beneath our Juggernaut of red tape? There are special reasons why she must have the frock by Sunday (this said very significantly). I capitulate, of course, with a qualifying, "Very well, just this once, then," and Pauline's smiling eyes append mutely, "until the next time."

Pauline hasn't a cent saved and she despises the "tightwads" who have. She has never conceived of herself as in want. Next year, five years, ten years from now are as remote from her plans as the resurrection. That she might ever be forty years old, unmarried, jobless and faded never occurs to her. Manna will always drop from the sky for Pauline, according to her unconscious faith.

I know I shall lose Pauline some day, and it will be a gray day for me. There will be no electricity to stir me when her vibrant, carefree personality is gone. I shall feel it deeply when "my right hand" is cut off, and I suppose that after I carry my affairs around in a sling for a while, a wooden right hand will come to take her place. A somber picture! But to-day I assume toward Pauline the attitude she assumes toward life—a delightful present to be made the most of while it lasts, and no thought for the morrow!

E. GILBERT.

One Americanization

TO cry down America is fashionable at the present moment, especially among persons to whom this country has always seemed a gauche cousin of Europe's. It is not Europeanism, however, that makes one see an extraordinary contrast between a play written a number of years ago by an Englishman and an American play with a suggestion from it produced this season in New York. Roi Cooper Megrue and Irvin Cobb do not formally state that their drama "Under Sentence" gained any suggestion from Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice," but no one who has seen both plays can doubt that such is the case. Not only does the American play derive certain hints from the English play. It achieves a transvaluation which only the staunchest American can face.

A reader of a critical turn of mind cannot help smiling when you refer to "stark realism" or "grim reality" or "the truth." He feels as a citizen feels when his political hero comes out for "undiluted Americanism" or promises to uphold his country's "rights." He feels baffled. He knows that words like truth and rights, realism

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and Americanism, may be packed with meaning for the men who use them. But what is there to distinguish between Bill Sulzer's "undiluted Americanism" and Mr. Hughes's, between Willard Mack's "stark realism" and Mr. Galsworthy's? A critic demands a sharper sense of words. Yet just such words as sincerity and poignant reality are required by Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice," a play which those who have seen it are never likely to forget. It is above everything an attempt to tell the truth—the truth as Mr. Galsworthy sees it and selects it, of course, but that unqualified and disinterested utterance which goes by the name of the truth. Each artist gives his own accent to personality and its relationships. It may be guessed that Mr. Shaw, who speaks so cheerfully about the lethal chamber, would not have yearned over Falder's weakness in quite Mr. Galsworthy's fashion. But Mr. Galsworthy, who has a patience with simplicity of spirit that Mr. Shaw does not share unless it be heroic simplicity, was willing to deal with a central character for whom at best the world could scarcely be suitably arranged. Having selected such a character, itself an act of sincerity in an art that is often jeopardized by its audience, Mr. Galsworthy went ahead with singular candor, caring nothing for that theatrical "sympathy" which is so easily procured by tricksters, aiming only to derive such sympathy from his audience as the actual situation of Falder, dramatically illuminated, might obtain.

If there was something in that situation antipathetic to the audience, Mr. Galsworthy was willing to take his losses. What he cared for was not the Falder that came over the footlights so much as the Falder out beyond in the buffeting stream. The processes by which this poor creature was swept away from his moorings, took his plunge, was wrecked and drowned, had no interest for the dramatist as a matter of sensation. Had sensation been the point, the failure of a court-room scene fifty-five minutes long and painstakingly accurate would be obvious. The processes only mattered to Mr. Galsworthy because they concerned a human being precious as well as culpable, generous as well as fragile, innocent as well as guilty. That culpable, fragile, guilty human being was not specially endeared to his creator, only he beheld him crucified in all that was precious and generous and innocent by the unimaginativeness of the law. The law is the villain of Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice," an instrument as clumsy for its purposes, severe yet delicate as they must be, as an axe would be clumsy for surgery, as a pincers used to be clumsy in the ignorant dentist's hands. To bring home this appeal Mr. Galsworthy risked everything to make Falder no better than might be expected. The weight of Mr. Galsworthy's accusation against the law did not inhere in Falder's personal excellence. Falder was a guilty weakling. It would have been sentimentalism, as Mr. Galsworthy saw it, to depict a miscarriage of justice. The tragedy of this drama was the legitimate carriage of justice. It was, indeed, in view of respectability's proved conception of justice that Mr. Galsworthy wrought his play.

It is only a surmise that the two American playwrights Cobb and Megrue siezed hungrily on the suggestion "Justice" offered. The story of "Under Sentence" was an old one of Mr. Cobb's and owed nothing to Mr. Galsworthy, but the treatment of the American prison in "Under Sentence" gives every sign of having been inspired by the presentation of English prison cells and an English warden's office, or "governor's" office. Whether or not the English scenes inspired the American is, however, immaterial. Whatever the cause of it, the amazing parallel exists—the parallel, that is to say, of hideously actual prison conditions and of a man unfortunately subjected to them, the parallel of the contingencies of "justice" and the dire process of the law.

But it is no harried clerk stealing in order to save the woman he illicitly loves that first appears in "Under Sentence." We see a happy young married couple in a pleasant New York flat, the man of the couple being an ambitious underling in Big Business, serving a capitalist called John W. Blake. The practices of Blake are devious and his employee is "technically" guilty of fraudulent bookkeeping. Rather than suffer in his own person, Blake puts it up to his employee to stand trial. To escape a heavy sentence this innocent man accepts the odd compromise of pleading guilty, but Blake fails to have his sentence lightened. The culprit here is not the law. Neither is it the man who is "technically" guilty and pleads guilty. It is John W. Blake, the capitalist, and against him in vengeance for his brutal unscrupulousness the wife of the imprisoned man determines to apply the law. Dealing with a theatre audience well trained by the newspapers to understand certain "headline" conceptions of politics and big business, prison-life and vengeful love, Messrs. Cobb and Megrue lay themselves out to give every possible sensation. Were the audience less familiar with the newspapers, less familiar with the conventionalization of motive and exaggeration of detail, they would very likely reject the capitalist, the prison warden, the "typical" convicts, the remorseless wife. But so resolutely have the playwrights adhered to those conventionalizations and exaggerations which are the daily bread of Americans that the play is able to supply terrific thrills.

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And these thrills are made to seem humanitarian by reason of the cruelties that the prison warden exhibits. This man orders one prisoner strung up by the thumbs, he knocks another down, he condemns the half-mad, half-blind victim of Blake's unscrupulousness to solitary confinement, an act of wantonness and savagery only a little more dreadful than the others we are permitted to see. The audience gasps at these horrors, worse than anything Mr. Galsworthy could conjure. If "effectiveness" consisted in nervous tension and nervous shock, "Under Sentence" would be ten times as effective as "Justice." But when Messrs. Cobb and Megrue have sufficiently tortured their audience with prison cells and warden's offices theatricalized, and have risked "sympathy" by having John W. Blake brought to the same awful prison, they bring relief by making Blake, the Big Business organizer, the irresistible agent of internal prison reform.

Were American prisons not actually vile, one might forgive these American dramatists for turning the sober indictment of "Justice" into a farce. One might forgive the utilization of the cant of Big Business and politics for melodrama, and the employment of a hackneyed theme like a wife's vendetta. But "Under Sentence" is too near the realities of "Justice" not to disgust one by its own shallowness, its flippancy, its sensationalism, its vulgarity. It is all the more striking because it is theatrically effective, because it persuades the audience to cry, to laugh, to respond, to assent.

A public that is uncritical about its purposes will be uncritical about its amusements. It is no wonder that "Under Sentence" has achieved at least partial success. Many of those who will disapprove of "Under Sentence" and acknowledge its indecent contrast to "Justice" will talk of "undiluted Americanism" with unction and urge their resentment of criticism. Until criticism disturbs every member of the public who can endure such plays as this one by Cobb and Megrue, the need will be more criticism, not less.

F. H.

CORRESPONDENCE

Sees Hope in Republicans

SIR: Mr. Croly's brief for President Wilson has given to those of liberal thought the strongest case that can be made for the Democratic candidate. In the minds of those Progressives, however, who, like myself, have chosen the Republican party as the instrument best calculated to serve America in the years to come, certain exceptions must be taken to the hypotheses underlying his argument.

In the first place, the Republican party is not to us the moral decadent that Mr. Croly describes. If it lost its conscience in 1912 it has regained it in 1916. In the past indeed it has recovered from other and worse declines; the Credit Mobilier scandal and the widespread corruption of Grant's second administration come to mind. But the best evidence of its present recovery is found in the men who are now directing its destinies and fighting in its ranks. Hiram Johnson is a name to conjure with. Will Roosevelt have no place in the Republican Cabinet? Is Hughes himself, progressive every inch, to be accorded no influence? In our own state the voters have but recently defeated the reactionary Murphy and chosen for their senatorial candidate the progressive Frelinghuysen. Not a Progressive leader of consequence to-day upholds the Wilson candidacy, save Red Murdock and lonely John Parker.

If the Progressives surrendered at Chicago, why so did the Republicans. Does any sane man believe that but for the presence of that determined gathering at the Auditorium, Charles Evans Hughes would ever have been the choice of those hand-picked delegates of the Republican bosses?

The truth is that the Republican, no less than the Democratic party, has felt the influence of these past four years of Progressive thought and action. Much readjustment will, of course, be necessary; the party is still too negative in its outlook; and it has much to learn. The confusion resulting from the sudden consolidation of its forces renders impossible the exact definition of its policies which Mr. Croly too strictly requires. But it has within it the seeds of progress and these it seems have escaped the keen eye of our critic.

Secondly, it is not enough that the President has improved in office; progress, it would seem, being inevitable. But will he improve the condition of the American people? In his record, we discern one fatal consequence—the influence of his policies upon the spirit of the American people. The march of threat and promise before submission and reversal, the unwillingness to go the heroic limit to protect American life, and ever the magniloquent language ennobling the weakness and the misdeeds—all these have bred in the American people a fatuous confidence in their security, a weak sentimentality for peace, and a national selfishness that abhors the sacrifice for principle. Mr. Wilson has provided us with material preparedness, but what about moral preparedness? The country as a whole might more readily approve a war declared by him, but would it as readily respond to the suffering and sacrifice of war as it would have some four years ago?

If we are not sadly mistaken, the national conscience has been dulled by repeated neglect of national duty; the national ideals that built our history have given way to the philosophy of "safety first" and "peace at any price."

On the other hemisphere international law and the principles that will hereafter determine the existence of the nations are being recast in the furnace of war. If America is to bear her part in the readjustment that is taking place she must be morally sure and she must know her own soul. It is because the policies of Mr. Wilson have persistently tended to obscure American ideals and discourage their assertion that we believe he should be denied a second term.

LOUIS B. LE DUC.

Haddonfield, New Jersey.

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As to the Lusitania

SIR: In discussing, in an editorial paragraph appearing in your issue of October 21st, the answer returned by Mr. Hughes to a question as to "what he would have done after the sinking of the Lusitania," you criticise the candidate's "too confident assumption that if he had been President the Lusitania would never have been sunk." You say "The German government has been known before to take long chances in the pursuit of what it believed to be its legitimate national interests." You suggest that the German government might have defied Mr. Hughes "as it defied Mr. Wilson."

Are not the facts clearly against this contention? Following the Lusitania outrage and similar events it became apparent that there was a body of opinion in the United States which might be expected to force the Wilson administration to take such action as would tend to prevent further violations of international law and the laws of humanity. The German submarine policy was modified forthwith. Surely this result would indicate that the German government was actually not prepared to "take long chances" in the pursuit of this particular policy, and that Mr. Hughes is justified in his belief that a resolute and unmistakable stand would have averted the incident.

If the German government defied Mr. Wilson, it was because it believed that he did not mean what he said. There has been nothing in the international events of the past three years that would suggest that Mr. Wilson, unless coerced by public opinion, cannot be defied with entire impunity.

EARLE CLARK.

New York City.

Resents Unfair Attack

SIR: Reading the advertisement which appeared in a recent issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC, and which is paid for by the National Hughes Alliance, would lead one to suppose that all these wise and astute gentlemen had gone quite mad and were bent on spending their campaign money for Mr. Wilson. Nothing will so quickly rally the wavering to the support of a cause as unjust and unfair attack, and Mr. Roosevelt seems really quite to have outdone himself at his own "favorite recreation." Probably he has said all these things before, but I have never happened to see them in so compact and succinct a form, and therefore so forcefully annoying.

If Mr. Hughes had said as plainly as Mr. Roosevelt that he was for intervention in Mexico and participation in the war on the side of the Allies, there would be some point in connecting his name with the article in question, and we might grant the possible high origin of his motives, which, in Mr. Roosevelt's case, would seem to me simply the reaction of the incorrigibly bellicose to a situation which needs real vision and idealism. As, however, Mr. Hughes has made Americanism to mean America First and America Protected, both by its tariff and its armaments, it seems rather irony to accuse the other side of "a sordid appeal to self interest and to fear," and as subject to a base neutrality.

To quote again, Wilson has told "Americans to keep off the ocean if they do not wish to be killed." Even Mr. Roosevelt knows that Wilson's biggest fight with Congress and the Senate was over that very question, and that the Republicans in those bodies were quite as recalcitrant as the cowardly Democrats. He also knows that Wilson has never said or implied "that to save a few American lives it is not worth while to hazard the lives of American soldiers." He has said that to save American *property* we were not justified in the spilling of blood of both the Americans and Mexicans and annexing a weaker country rather than to allow it to work out its own problems.

As Dr. Charles W. Eliot has never been a rival of Mr. Roosevelt's, he will probably not accuse him of "infamy." Yet Dr. Eliot in the October *Atlantic* absolutely agrees with Mr. Wilson in his Mexican policy. Mr. Roosevelt shows an exaggerated patriotism (or is it a sublimated egotism?) when he asserts that had his ideas (some of which undoubtedly came to him after the event) influenced our national policy at the beginning of the war, "there would probably have been no invasion of Belgium, no fears of a like fate to terrorize other smaller nations, no torpedoing of merchant vessels, no bombarding of churches and hospitals, no massacring of women and children, no murdering of Miss Cavell, no attempt of extermination of the Armenian and Syrian Christians." I can imagine this paragraph as being enormously amusing to European statesmen.

The only difference apparent in the attitude of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson toward the war is that the Republican candidate promises to be a little more severe with England and a little less benevolently neutral between the rights of humanity and the rights of property.

ANOTHER WOMAN VOTER.

Chicago, Illinois.

Efficient for What?

SIR: Dr. Usher's "Case for Hughes" may serve a good purpose in turning discussion from personalities to a comparison of parties. But if we accept his imputation of the much abused term "efficiency" to the Republican party, we want to know in what direction the efficiency is to be applied.

Without questioning why a party whose "belief in the necessity and expediency" of several important things "is of long standing," did practically nothing about them in an almost unbroken rule of nearly a generation, we may readily concede that the Republican party is exceedingly efficient for some things. But the choice between, for example, buying an automobile or a threshing machine does not rest entirely on a comparison of horse-power or gasoline consumption—rather on what work is to be done.

Both for the handling of domestic problems and for performing the part which the United States must take in readjusting world relations, many people will prefer a party that, however tardily or even awkwardly if you please, has nevertheless proved a somewhat effective instrument of progressive democracy, rather than a party, however "efficient," that is the party of toryism and bourbon reaction.

H. H. SWAIN.

Helena, Montana.

A Correction

On page 322 of our number of October 28th, occurred the sentence: "Their [i. e., the supporters of the German Chancellor] greatest fear is that an entente between England, France and the United States will exclude Germany, and will force her into the opposing camp by an alliance with Russia and Japan." This sentence now appears ambiguous; the meaning intended was, of course, that Germany would in this case be forced into an alliance with Russia and Japan.—THE EDITORS.

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Books and Things

PERHAPS you pride yourself, if you are more than thirty-five or forty, upon having learned from experience not to hope for the perfect friend, the perfect candidate, the perfect religion, the perfect cigar. If you are at all self-observant you have realized that this lesson, too, has been learned imperfectly, that the hope of perfection is not quite extinct, that among those gray ashes you have stamped on so prudently one live coal still abides. This is my case, anyway. Before going a railway journey I am always weak enough to hunt hopefully for the perfect book to take along. Hope reappears because the problem is always new.

On the eve of my most recent journey I was certain that a detective story would not fill the bill. High special power to engross attention ought not to be wasted upon a reader who happens to have for the moment nothing on his mind, who has been set free from the necessity of forgetting. Besides, I wanted to see something of the Vermont hills in October. I wanted a book the wine of whose beauty could be taken in sips, something which would tempt its reader to lay it down and think, to think and look out of the window, to look out of the window and stop thinking. And later, when the day had waned and the lights were on in the car, and all the October of the hills was hidden, perhaps the passion of this book, so plain to be felt through all its guarded step-by-step persuasiveness, would seize me and hold me fast. So much the better.

All went well at first. The Sunday papers, although poor Boston affairs, the choice of lunching earlier than one would like to be caught at it or so late that the deep-dish apple pie might be gone, luncheon itself, the usual autobiographer in the smoker—these things happily postponed the moment for tackling that masterpiece. Well, the moment could not be postponed forever. My pipe was out. The autobiographer had begun to repeat himself. After all, there is nothing quite like a masterpiece.

The book was one I had often read in, and never read through. This time I began at the beginning and did not lay it down until I came to what I suppose is its most familiar page: "Let us consider, too, how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages, which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation, for thousands of years, with a power over the mind, and a charm, which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival."

I put the book down and looked at October. Everything was going according to schedule, even the train. I had been reading, I was looking out of the window, soon I should begin to think. I waited. I listened for the footsteps of an approaching thought. Silence. My attention hovered over that schoolboy who "imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification," passages from Homer or Horace, and I could not help contrasting him with the schoolboy of my own experience. The beauty of Cardinal Newman's cadences led me to wonder once more whether he knew he heard them before he made them, but this time my mind, I don't know why, moved on and stopped at words it had often overlooked, and I found myself repeating: "The current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages. . . ." With all its obvious advantages. . . . Just then a newsboy came down the car. When he had gone I found that in some curious way, perhaps by a reflex act of purchase, I was in possession of *The Cosmopolitan*. I had not meant to buy it. . . . Still, since here it was. . . . Furtively I glanced at the scholarly-looking man across the aisle. On his knee lay a book of which the title was covered up, but which was visibly published by the Cambridge University Press. He had not once opened it. He was at his third Sunday paper.

I began to read. Mr. Galsworthy first. The first chapters of a novel. One of his limited Englishmen, so lean and so likable, a military man, a hard rider, a lover who remembers long. Quite in Mr. Galsworthy's best vein. Not much else in this first instalment, but we shall see what we shall see. A detective story—I may have read a worse, but where? Then part—not the beginning—of a continued story by Mrs. Glyn. Lord, Lord, do they still write and publish such marble-topped dukes as Mrs. Glyn's hero? He is nobler than the room in which he sits, more remote than one end of his country house from the other, more melancholy than the prayer to be read in times of financial depression. However, I wish they wouldn't saw these continued stories off short just where you expected to find out how the girl got him.

Except on a train I cannot read Mrs. Glyn nowadays. On a train I cannot read Cardinal Newman. Some authors there are who can be read best when you are not traveling, but who have written a few things that not even a stuffy railway car can make you insensible to. Schnitzler, for example, whose name is given me by *The Nation* that I have just fished out of my valise. "Der Weg ins Freie" would never do for a journey, nor "Frau Berta Garlan," but how about "Abschied" or "Die Todten Schweigen," or "Leutnant Gustl" or "Der Blinde Geronimo"? They are "sufficiently breathless" to conquer circumstance.

What queer things this writer in *The Nation*, Mr. Philo M. Buck, Jr., is saying about Schnitzler. In Schnitzler there "is none of the generous resignation of Walter Savage Landor." His "characters strike one at first as drawn by a precocious but distorted youth. . . ." His "characters nurse no illusions, except the greatest that there are none." "Lacking real intelligence, his characters lack. . . ." "The men and women in these stories are never deliberately wicked, for that implies a knowledge of right and wrong." "If they choose death, as many of his characters do, it is not because of true remorse for wrongs committed." "The characters are hard to understand because they do not themselves understand." Just as Partridge at the play is hard to understand, or the Reverend William Collins, or Squire Western. Mr. Buck is quite as absurd when he gets a little away from Schnitzler: "And the general lawlessness of Schnitzler's characters is reflected in the lawlessness of his plots. The more complex and bizarre life becomes, the greater the need that authors of fiction at least pretend to throw light upon sequences and consequences." No, I'm not making this up. Mr. Buck really says it. Whether he continued to think it, after he saw his words in type, is another question.

Mr. Buck's first mistake was in writing about an author he does not enjoy, a thing that hardly ever pays, except

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when you are dealing with an established reputation which you think undeserved, as Alfred Kerr thinks Sudermann's, or as Lord Morley thought Macaulay's. But Schnitzler is not yet very well known in this country, so Mr. Buck has not this pretext. Even if he believed Schnitzler to be well known here and overrated, and if this belief moved him to lay Schnitzler low, I doubt whether he has gone to work the right way. The how-unlike-the-home-life-of-our-dear-Queen attitude, which I take to be Mr. Buck's attitude toward Schnitzler, makes Mr. Buck look too unrelated to his subject to do Schnitzler much harm. Hermann Bahr did more execution by remarking, casually, that once upon a time he had been afraid Schnitzler might settle down into a sort of "cochon triste."

Mr. Buck's second mistake was in not rereading his author after getting off the train. For I am sure it is only on a train that he has read Schnitzler. This is proved, if proof be needed, at the end of the article, where suddenly one discovers with surprise that Mr. Buck did enjoy two of those "sufficiently breathless" Schnitzlers, "Ein Abschied" and "Leutnant Gustl." Well, at any rate he should have known enough not to write his article on a train, where I wrote this one.

P. L.

After the Play

WHEN Matthew Arnold said that Sophocles saw life steadily and saw it whole he paid Sophocles one of the most doubtful compliments that a dramatist ever received from a critic. If Arnold said this after reading seven plays and some fragments what more could he have said if all the lost plays, something like eighty in number, had been found and printed?

Besides, why is it easier to get the whole of life into a few plays than the whole of a novel into one play? And does not the record show that only once, when the younger Dumas turned a novel which nobody remembers into a play which everybody knows, has this second feat been performed? Every one who tries to dramatize a novel discovers early in his job, unless he is an absolute duffer, that his business is to leave things out and to take liberties.

Langdon Mitchell knows "Pendennis" better than you or I, probably likes it even better, respects it quite as much, feels as you and I do about Lady Ritchie's words in her introduction to the novel: "To myself and to many of my own generation it has always seemed as if there was a special music in 'Pendennis,' and the best wisdom of a strong heart beating under its yellow waistcoat." But Mr. Mitchell is too wise, too aware of the difference between what a playwright can do with a novel and what he can't, to try to make his play give out this special music, the music of youth watching its opportunities unfold, a music played by a sentimental, worldly, self-repeating moralist, who had almost the easiest hand among writers of English prose, who could not write the most ordinary letter without making it sound like William Makepeace Thackeray.

Mr. Mitchell had to leave out a great deal of "Pendennis." He has kept very little except Pendennis's love affairs—with the Fotheringay, with Fanny Bolton, with Blanche Amory, with Laura Bell—and he has shown us the Major dealing competently with three of these. In the novel the Major is neatest and most effective and most entertaining in dealing with the first, the Fotheringay affair, and so he is in the play. To me the Fanny Bolton episode, coming second in the order of the time, is more interesting and more affecting in Mr. Mitchell's hands than in Thackeray's, and with this episode, in play and novel alike, the Major has comparatively little to do. The Major deals with the Blanche Amory affair in characteristic fashion, but it gives him no such chance as the rescue of Pen from the Fotheringay and Captain Costigan. Neither Thackeray nor Mr. Mitchell has been able to give me, so far as Pen's last love affair is concerned, any feeling but a mild wish that Pen might be spared the boredom of married life with Laura.

In the novel the steadily diminishing interest of Pen's loves is offset by the pictures of manners, by the minor characters, by the melodrama and the Major, although to my taste the earlier chapters are the most amusing. In the play Mr. Mitchell deals in various ways with the minor characters—he keeps Captain Costigan about at par, makes Fanny more humanly touching, reduces Warrington to a mere revealer of his life secret, "points up" the Begum and gives her a very diverting dialect which is rather off the key, and rather wastes Harry Foker. Mr. Mitchell keeps just enough of the melodrama, the Morgan-Altamont-Clavering mystery, to give the Major a chance to be courageous and resourceful, and not quite enough for the mystery to turn out intelligible.

There remains Major Pendennis, with whom Mr. Mitchell has done extraordinarily well. Of course he has simplified, and of course the values are somewhat changed. That part of the Major which lives and is nourished by contacts with his social betters, which has a sense of satisfaction and rightness when he meets the Duke on the street—"'How do, Pendennis? Fine day,' were his Grace's remarkable words"—has almost disappeared. And Mr. Mitchell's Major is less a comic figure than Thackeray's. One does not see much of the Major whom Pen could flatter and laugh in his sleeve at. The relation between uncle and nephew is not quite so varying as it is in the novel. Thackeray gave this speech to his Major: "And, by Jove, I suppose whatever is is right, as Shakespeare says," and added: "Pen did not think fit to tell his uncle who was the author who had made use of that remarkable phrase." Mr. Mitchell's Major lives mostly in a world of equals and inferiors, giving them advice and guiding their lives. His character has moved a little, a very little, toward a likeness to the Duke of St. Olpherts.

But what Mr. Mitchell has chosen to keep of the Major is given to us with an admirable distinctness, with never a hesitation or a blurred line. And John Drew's acting is no less admirable, and admirable in the same way. The oldest words you have read in theatrical criticism come unbidden into your head, as you watch Mr. Drew in this part, to praise him with—convincing, unhesitating, certain, authoritative. And they are high praise. If you could explain what you mean when you say "authoritative" you would understand why it is impossible not to keep your eyes on Mr. Drew. Among the gestures at his command, which are not very numerous after all, he finds just the one which will produce the effect he is after with economy and distinctness. This gesture has the clearest outline. It does exactly what Mr. Drew meant it to do and no more. The same thing might be said of his tones of voice. He is at his best in this penumbraless acting, all certitudes and clipped outlines and worldly neatness. Major Pendennis is a man sustained and fortified by the conviction that there are no better manners than his, and Mr. Drew plays the part in just this spirit, and with easy mastery. He paints a portrait with richness and solidity.

Q. K.

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A Poet Sees War

Gallipoli, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

THE Gallipoli expedition stands in most minds today as the worst failure of British arms. Aided by a French corps and by the Allied navies, the British undertook to wrest the Gallipoli Peninsula from the Turks. After a delay in despatching troopships that gave the Turk every chance to make the landing expensive, the British soldiers approached the peninsula under the conveyance of the supreme navy of the world. At fearful cost they forced their passage from ship and boat to beach. Having purchased such meagre footings as the peninsula afforded, they were enabled by supplies from the navy to subsist on land and maintain their strength. The subsequent history of the expedition was a history of heroic advances but advances never quite pushed through or so consummated as to be significant. The huge natural difficulties of the territory accounted in great part for the failure. The limitations under which any expedition labors, but this expedition in particular, made success almost unattainable. The enemy, in addition, was greatly superior in numbers and position and was brave and fairly prepared and well-commanded. Granted all these difficulties and handicaps and limitations, the British could hope to win only by availing of every Turkish predicament, by making no mistake of their own, and by heroism. The expedition was incomparably brave and its bravery not questioned, but there was, as people viewed it in England and elsewhere, a failure to push home advantages that really existed, a failure to hurl munitions in hand against an enemy that had nothing with which to answer, a failure to avoid mistakes and delays when assault needed but the finishing stroke, when every ounce of strength should be concentrated and every second was crucial. At points like these the British did fail. Their heroism heated the iron. Their stupidity or lameness of organization did not strike the iron when it was hot. After nine months, they crept away from Gallipoli under cover of night, one hundred and fifteen thousand men killed, wounded and missing, one hundred thousand more on the sick list, some for ever. It is this failure that John Masefield, who himself was at Gallipoli though he does not say so, is determined once and for all to vindicate. Passionate at the core of his dignity and sad at the core of his pride, Mr. Masefield tries to answer the critics of Gallipoli under each head of the military charges. "Our enemies have said . . ." "Why did he not attack at . . . ? It may be well to set down here the final and sufficient reasons against either folly." "Our enemies have often said . . ." "Some have said to me, 'Yes, but the Turks . . .' It is not so." "The legend, 'that the Turks were at their last cartridge and would have surrendered had we advanced,' is very widely spread abroad by German emissaries. . . . The Turks were never at the end of their supplies. They were always better and more certainly supplied with shells and cartridges than we were. If they were ever (as perhaps sometimes they were) rather short of big gun ammunition, so were we." These answers to criticism, however, whether the Germans suggested the criticism or not, do not constitute the virtue of Mr. Masefield's book. Some one must sift evidence and encounter criticism more adequately than Mr. Masefield before we can assimilate the failure of the Dardanelles campaign. The strength of this book is not its argument against the blunders of the military command or of that thing called the High Direction, but its recital of a human story, its close and pathetic drama, its color and its *brio* and its breathlessness, its mourning pages of disaster and death. The description of the actual fighting, right task for a poet or novelist, is better done here than anywhere else I have seen. It is a nightmare in its rapid succession of incalculable events, its suspenses, its vividness, its mad coherence. Mr. Masefield does this best, and better far, to my mind, than his high-strung and high-flown tributes to "our" soldiers. There is something rather sickening in the verbal grandiosity of these passages—sickening like the odor of tube-roses in a room with a corpse. In "The Tragedy of Nan" there was the same sublimity. Its author seemed so prostrate with the ache of beauty that he could not write as people speak, but had to stand on stilts. A great writer is not afraid of the tones of life, his own tones. He walks by the side of his nobilities. He takes beauty by the hand. But Mr. Masefield is so enraptured by high experiences that he cannot always give them straight utterance. He is inclined to be a little nobler than life.

A long passage may indicate the ecstasy that possessed Mr. Masefield in Mudros, the morning the troops sailed out to Gallipoli. It is a passage with exquisite music and yet it has touches so reminiscent of famous literature, so reminiscent of other inspirations, of dignity and beauty made formal, that it belies the actual British soldier and his sailing to fight the Turk:

"Now in all that city of ships, so busy with passing picket-boats, and noisy with the labor of men, the getting of the anchors began. Ship after ship, crammed with soldiers, moved slowly out of harbor, in the lovely day, and felt again the heave of the sea. No such gathering of fine ships has ever been seen upon this earth, and the beauty and the exaltation of the youth upon them made them like sacred things as they moved away. All the thousands of men aboard them, gathered on deck to see, till each rail was thronged. These men had come from all parts of the British world, from Africa, Australia, Canada, India, the Mother Country, New Zealand and remote islands in the sea. They had said good-bye to home that they might offer their lives in the cause we stand for. In a few hours at most, as they well knew, perhaps a tenth of them would have looked their last on the sun, and be a part of foreign earth or dumb things that the tides push. Many of them would have disappeared forever from the knowledge of man, blotted from the book of life none would know how, by a fall or chance shot in the darkness, in the blast of a shell, or alone, like a hurt beast, in some scrub or gully, far from comrades and the English speech and the English singing. And perhaps a third of them would be mangled, blinded or broken, lamed, made imbecile or disfigured, with the color and the taste of life taken from them, so that they would never more move with comrades nor exult in the sun. And those not taken thus would be under the ground, sweating in the trench, carrying sandbags up the sap, dodging death and danger, without rest or food or drink, in the blazing sun or the frost of the Gallipoli night, till death seemed a relaxation and a wound a luxury. But as they moved out these things were but the end they asked, the reward they had come for, the unseen cross upon the breast. All that they felt was a gladness of exultation that their young courage was to be used. They went like kings in a pageant to the imminent death.

"As they passed from moorings to the man-of-war an-

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chorage on their way to the sea, their feeling that they had done with life and were going out to something new, welled up in those battalions; they cheered and cheered till the harbor rang with cheering. As each ship crammed with soldiers drew near the battleships, the men swung their caps and cheered again, and the sailors answered, and the noise of cheering swelled, and the men in the ships not yet moving joined in, and the men ashore, till all the life in the harbor was giving thanks that it could go to death rejoicing. All was beautiful in that gladness of men about to die, but the most moving thing was the greatness of their generous hearts."

This is glamorous English and the outcome of Mr. Masefield's glamorous mood. To him Gallipoli was another fight between Frank and Saracen, not a fight between panoplied Christian Empire and an economically inconvenient Turk. "The Song of Roland" gives Mr. Masefield his parallel for Gallipoli. He takes it in that spirit, and sees the free Australians and New Zealanders as agents of that endlessly glorious legend of courage against odds. Some who are disgusted and angry rather than poetic over the mess at Gallipoli will find Mr. Masefield's book ironic reading. It sees so much that is ultimately admirable, so little that is sordid and squalid, in the modern "infamy of war." But as Mr. Masefield gets into the actual narrative and does it simple justice he prepares the reader for sympathy with beautiful feeling like this:

"They had lost no honor. They were not to blame, that they were creeping off in the dark, like thieves in the night. Had others (not of their profession) many hundreds of miles away, but seen as they, as generous, as wise, as forseeing, as full of sacrifice, those thinned companies with the looks of pain in their faces, and the mud of the hills thick upon their bodies, would have given thanks in Santa Sophia three months before. They had failed to take Gallipoli, and the mine fields stilled barred the Hellespont, but they had fought a battle such as has never been seen on this earth. What they had done will become a glory forever, wherever the deeds of heroic, unhelped men are honored and pitied and understood. They went up at the call of duty, with a bright banner of a battle-cry, against an impregnable fort. Without guns, without munitions, without help and drink they climbed the scarp and held it by their own glorious manhood, quickened by a word from their chief. Now they were giving back the scarp and going out into new adventures, wherever the war might turn."

The last sentence has the proper little twirl of English save-face pride. The scarp was given up, not given back. But brave men who fought Gallipoli and poured out their blood like water to win the impossible are entitled to have their exploit "honored and pitied and understood." Here, for all its incontinence, it is nobly and beautifully done.

F. H.

Sane Thinking

International Finance, by Hartley Withers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

MR. HARTLEY WITHERS'S mind has many of the dangerous qualities of an Auto-Strop razor. It is swift, it is self-renewing, it is alertly vivid; and where it may at first sight have been thought merely to have scratched the surface of its subject, a more deep investigation will make it clear that blood has in fact been drawn. It has become a truism to say that no one has treated of finance in the same easy and penetrating fashion since Bagehot; but it is a truism which needs to be respected until his last possible reader has been secured. For Mr. Withers is more than an economist. He belongs to the age of the romantics and I find myself, when I read him, perpetually discovering great truths in almost an emotion of glad excitement. While I do not wish that Mr. Withers had been Ricardo's contemporary (though there are economists of which this might well be wished) I am certain that if such a one as he had lighted up the early nineteenth century no one would have dismissed economics with the reproach of a final dullness.

The book is an explanation of the mechanism of international finance, and its clarity is as remarkable as its suggestiveness. Given the fact of capital Mr. Withers discusses the function of the financier in its manipulation. He is everywhere illuminating. His style is dextrous and straightforward. His outlook is consistently progressive. He brushes away the bugbear of the newspapers. His typical financier—and as the editor of the *Economist* Mr. Withers ought to know him—appears not as some Machiavellian conjurer who tosses to and fro the fate of nations like a juggler with his oranges, but as the very ordinary man you and I see each day suffering from the heat in the City. He makes it absolutely clear that we have no reason to bow down before the financier as a very wonderful person who possesses esoteric secrets not known to humble people like ourselves. He traces the relations of finance to nationalism in a manner that brings out very clearly the way in which its dangers lie. That

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upon which he insists is the difference between investment and speculation. He points out that the responsibility for the encouragement of the latter lies largely with the public. We all want to have a high rate of interest when we invest our money, and we are not very inquisitive as to the source from which our income is ultimately derived. That is why we pay such large sums of money to the trust companies to act as the salve of our conscience. No one objects to investment which is intended so to develop new countries as to cheapen the cost of living by opening up new sources of supply. What one does object to is the way in which the search for a high rate of interest results in the kind of agreement by which Great Britain and Russia destroy the economic freedom of Persia in order to make a financier's holiday, or in which the eager Herr Mannesmann of Berlin can safeguard his questionable operations in Morocco by obtaining the patriotic assistance of the German fleet. Until we get it clearly understood that we are not going to allow capital to seek the dearest market unless we are satisfied with the probable results of its activities, we shall have to face this problem. It is simply undeniable that in finance, more than anywhere else, the divorce between moral and economic motives has been all too complete. Wherein exactly the remedy lies it is difficult indeed to say. That we shall have to attempt regulation of some kind the war has been made undeniably clear; and it is difficult to be very greatly moved by Mr. Withers's suspicions of regulation. The ungenial anarchy of the Stock Exchange has had its day. Securities are not dumb and blind things but the fruit of the painful effort of men and women, and they must be interpreted in that context. It seems as wasteful to leave them to the uncritical avarice of the speculator as it is to leave the hours of labor to be regulated by the chances of business bargaining. That way we shall not find social relief.

Mr. Withers makes several points of importance in relation to the international situation. He believes that America has definitely become a creditor-nation though he doubts whether the result of the war will be to shift the center of financial perspective from London to New York. The whole future of the belligerent nations seems to him dependent on the attitude they adopt to saving and investment. He hints also at the belief that this is not less true of ourselves. America, for almost the first time, is going to have the opportunity to develop her own resources by the means of her own capital. She has never had such prosperity as she now can enjoy; but, as Mr. Withers points out, its quality wholly depends upon the distribution of her income. Mr. Withers has before now written our poverty in terms of our waste. For an economic Puritanism there is more to be said than lies on the surface of things. If the public mind can be trained to a belief in careful and sane investment finance can be deprived of its power to effect such evil. If we can accustom ourselves to be satisfied with a steady three per cent from government bonds instead of twenty per cent wrung from the exploitations of Mexico we shall have gone far to a solution of our problems. But the process of education will be difficult so long as Mexico is far away and a quarterly dividend so temptingly proximate.

One wishes that Mr. Withers had treated in far greater fullness the divorce in modern finance between ownership and control. Those whom Messrs. Rothschild induced to invest in their famous Khedivial loan had probably no conception that that money would be used to secure the annexation of Egypt; though Mr. Withers properly remarks that the British government had in mind not Messrs.

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Rothschild's clients, but India,—when they established the protectorate of 1898. We have undoubtedly to set ourselves the task of making the investor feel some sense of responsibility for the use to which his money is to be put. How many depositors, for example, in the great English banks before 1906 would have acquiesced in the usage of their money to defeat the constitutional movement in Russia? How many even dreamed that it was so used? An attitude such as that adopted towards the Russian loan by Mr. Schiff, as a protest against the Kishineff massacres, points in the right direction. It would be interesting to work out a scheme by which the national capital was used for ends agreed upon as nationally desirable. Englishmen might atone for their stupid treatment of Ireland by diverting their investments from Morocco and Mexico and Persia to the development of Irish agriculture. They would doubtless reduce their incomes; but their moral health would be greatly improved. Germany might turn from the fascinations of South America to the possibilities of Prussian Poland. We might begin to use our new wealth in the cause of conservation.

A somewhat clearer demarcation between the sources of capital would improve the first chapter of this book. Most of us can see that a man should, within socially reasonable limits, profit by the fruits of his labor. What bothers us not a little is the existence of those who profit by the labor of others. It would be an inquiry of real importance as well of interest to discover the direction of interested investment. In Great Britain, at least, I incline to believe that the man who makes his own fortunes is for the most part a domestic investor; it is the owner of other men's earnings who largely sends it heedlessly abroad. How far applicable otherwhere that generalization is I do not know. But it will be sufficient if it serve to suggest to Mr. Withers the desirability of his writing some more books.

H. J. L.

A Dispassionate View

The Restoration of Europe, by Dr. Alfred H. Fried. Translated from the German by Lewis Stiles Gannett. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

DR. FRIED points out what, to the people who have always believed in the possibility of international organization, seem the sensible and obvious lessons of the war. Briefly, they are: that a universal condition—not any specific nation or group of nations—was "responsible" for the mighty conflict, that competitive armaments are symptoms of international anarchy and not rational "insurance," that the machinery of political organization, unlike the machinery of commercial and scientific organization, has failed to adapt itself to the new conditions of world inter-dependence, that the war must necessarily lead to greater rather than less international coöperation. These sentiments may not appear profoundly revolutionary or original, but they are generalizations which sound mighty good, coming from German sources. (Although born in Vienna, Dr. Fried has lived many years in Berlin.) The tone of almost arrogant apology, of imperialism soured, suspicious and angry at the revelation of its own futility, has too long, to neutral countries, seemed the dominant tone of the German intellectuals. But, although accepting the denationalized point of view, there is none of the spleen of such a book as "J'Accuse," in "The Restoration of Europe." Dr. Fried is really dispassionate; he writes

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without rancor—even against Germany. Nor does he pin his hopes on any mechanical scheme for doing away with war. He recognizes the naïveté of the conventional pacifist position. His purpose is rather to uncover the human will-to-organization which has influenced more and more the relations between nations, and to show how the war came in spite of this force and must, when peace arrives, inevitably strengthen it. One might too easily dismiss "The Restoration of Europe" as a book which, where it wasn't vague, was platitudinous, although Dr. Fried escapes in great measure the German intellectual incubus of phrase worship. Yet if there were some truth in this contemptuous observation, there would be but small value in the making of it. For the most hopeful thing about "The Restoration of Europe" is not to be found in the book's intrinsic qualities, but in the fact that it was written at all.

The "Golden Age"

The Melancholy Tale of "Me," My Remembrances, by Edward H. Sothern. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

IT is not his father that makes Mr. Sothern's tale a "melancholy" one. Here is a father who mimics anybody from a hunchback to a lion to please his exacting children, who even makes his entrance into his own home through the nursery chimney, which, as Chesterton has pointed out, is eminently the proper fashion in which to burst on the domestic scene. The elder Sothern, a gentle and lovable madcap, is remembered almost as vividly for his pranks as for his fine acting. It was he who one day inserted an advertisement in the New York papers saying that at noon Professor Cantelabiglie would fly from the top of Trinity steeple, and it was not until someone with a roar of rage and laughter had hyphenated the name that a crowd which utterly disorganized traffic and threatened a riot dissolved. What idol of boyish history could replace in the hearts of his children the spirit of such a father? Mrs. Sothern was the necessary complement of sweet affection, and there is a picture of her reading Shakespeare to Edward long before he was able to comprehend anything but the music of the verse. His mind was fed on the Bab Ballads, the Ingoldsby Legends and the solid romance of pirate bands. The shady rockery at Kensington was the stage for many a stirring tragedy, conceived with passionate imagination by the mind of five years. Then the younger brother Sam, or "Ta," as he called himself, makes his curious and romantic impact on the household. He was always conversing in a strange garble of his own only understood by the nurse, Sarah, who swore when "Ta" was called a "dawdler" at school that she would "die on the road" (a favorite threat of hers) if such were the case. As if the measure were not full, there was Uncle Hugh, who had lived with the head-hunters in a savage land, had fought desperate pirates off the Barbary coast, and had been honored for his daring in Her Majesty's service. Uncle Hugh was only comfortable when with children; he loved to show them his asthmatic dog and his dilapidated horse—kept out of respect to the memory of a soldier friend who had been rescued too late by these faithful animals in one of England's "little wars." And Uncle Hugh could also show them his friend's cutlass and compass and pistols. At the age of eight there is tearful farewell to all this adventure and an excursion to the school at Dunchurch, where fox hunting

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replaced the study of the classics, and through these fourteen years runs the pervasive atmosphere of the theatre when it had glamour and mystery, like the glow of lights on a misty night. Occasionally there were the great adventures of trips from England to America and back home—still a perilous journey at that time. Such a boyhood seems a trifle old-fashioned to-day, but old-fashioned in the best sense, when the bursting imagination of our youngsters is sublimated in the Boy Scout organization, distorted by the ghastly romance of the "movies," shut off from healthy mischief.

A young man emerged from these influences into the reality of a struggle for his own success, rather shy and diffident, cultured and imaginative, above all kindly. He emerged, yet he never wholly shook off these influences. The world of the theatre was then not constructed to destroy them. The profession had dignity and poetry; even the penury and hardship of one's salad days was looked upon as the inevitable first step of all beginners, not railed at, for merit was soon recognized for what it was worth and hard work always reaped its legitimate reward. Shakespearian plays dominated the theatre and to play in them was the secret ambition of all actors; there was a touch of immortality in the whole business. People of the stage really lived in a world of castles and silks and robes and flowing gestures. Mr. Sothern's narrative is shot through with Quixotic impulses. He tells of actors ruining their health and purse to save some old pensioner from the poorhouse, of dramatic situations repeating themselves over and over in real life, of telepathic messages and premonitions, of miraculous coincidences. It is a vibrant, romantic world. When John McCullough's death was announced to him, Mr. Sothern was studying the play "Cymbeline," and was reading those lines:

> Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Then he was at the Players late one evening when the lights were suddenly extinguished. There was a clamor for explanations, when a voice said: "Hush! Mr. Booth is dead." Perhaps the most curiously pathetic episode in the whole book is Mr. Sothern's reaction to his own father's death. He describes how the news utterly failed to affect him, although he was conscious that he loved his father deeply. The day after the news was received he played the Prince of Wales in "Richard III." He reaches the lines: "'Ay, brother, to our grief as it is yours. Too late he died that might have kept that title which by his death hath lost much majesty.' As I began the speech I felt the words stick in my throat, and at the word 'death' I went all to pieces. I was overcome by the most uncontrollable grief and sobbed aloud. Queen Anne (Miss Kate Forsyth), who was on the stage, and King Richard III (McCullough) came to me; and the others—courtiers, ladies-in-waiting, men-at-arms, pages—looked scared and distracted. The audience made no sound; my father's death had been announced in the papers, and they understood."

The stimulus of the mimic world was needed to touch off those deeper real emotions which with most of us would have been excited by the tragically real telegram. Conversely, the real world got its final substantiality from its analogies to the stage. Picture Mr. Sothern riding in state in Washington Square with his cook, Mrs. Mabbit. Picture him holding converse with Uncle Hugh about gnomes and fairies. It is not the humdrum, honest citizen, so solicitously analyzed by our younger novelists, that constitutes the world of flesh and blood for Mr. Sothern. It is the person like his father, who announces to Mrs. Vincent's

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In writing of Twentieth Century Yale, President Hadley says: "Yale stands for poetry as distinct from prose." While he referred to a poetry and prose expressed in the larger terms of life and work, as well as in words, it may not be impertinent to look for the reflection of this spirit in the verse of this present age of poetry.

What has been Yale's representation among the young poets of our new era?—is a fair challenge to this statement. Perhaps the fullest answer is to be found in the contents of "The Book of the Yale Pageant." Seven of its contributions were by poets who would be recognized for their ability by audiences larger than the Yale one.

Among other publications bearing the Yale University imprint, we find volumes of verse by Brian Hooker, William Rose Benét, Leonard Bacon, Frederick Mortimer Clapp, Lee Wilson Dodd, Edward B. Reed, Charlton M. Lewis and Frederick E. Pierce, as well as the "Yale Book of American Verse," edited with that very characteristic and charming introduction, "A Word about Anthologies," by the late Thomas R. Lounsbury.

This week two more books of poetry by Yale men have appeared from the Yale University Press. J. H. Wallis, Class Poet of 1906, has issued his first volume of verse under the title, "The Testament of William Windune, and Other Poems." [1] This manuscript was brought to the attention of the publishers through the efforts of that well known critic of American verse, William Stanley Braithwaite, who describes it as "a new note in contemporary American poetry." Professor Frederick E. Pierce has added to his earlier volumes what is probably his most notable poem. In "Jordan Farms" [2] he has reflected in a very remarkable way the life of a New England farmer. He describes it himself, with the poet's gift for apt characterization in a few words, as an Epic in Homespun. Both epic and homespun qualities are apparent in the depth and sincerity of its emotion.

To anyone who is interested in the trend of recent poetry, the Yale University Press will be glad to send upon request a copy of its most recent announcement of its publications of and relating to poetry. In this the reader will find books by poets other than the Yale men referred to here.

[1] THE TESTAMENT OF WILLIAM WINDUNE, AND OTHER POETS. By J. H. Wallis. Price $1.00 net, postpaid.

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servant when he calls on that idol of Boston that "The Sultan of Turkey" is waiting below, who has a wrestling match with a grown man to decide whether they shall hereafter say "beastly American" or "beastly and American," of eggs broken into a cup instead of served in shell. There is surprisingly little about Mr. Sothern's own career in "The Melancholy Tale of 'Me,'" and there is no order in the narrative. In his retrospect not one sentimental episode does he believe worth recording, and it is not merely reticence which impels him to write in this odd, detached manner. He marshals episodes as a good playwright marshals situations. He sketches people with a gentleness and fidelity which makes them more vivid than some of his own impersonations. Yet they are all people whom we should never expect to meet out of romantic and chivalrous comedy—they are his real loves and his reality.

So tender and humorous a book is like a gleam from vanished days. There is a pleasant courtliness in the style, nor is Mr. Sothern ashamed to quote liberally from the poets. The tone of our present-day actors and actresses, turned author, is different. Miss Farrar's story of her life reads like the work of a first-class press-agent or of an interviewer writing for the Sunday magazine section. The childhood of our popular favorites is clouded in a decent obscurity. Except the few theatrical families, our stars burst upon us all points twinkling. They have a brave and heroic financial background and the pinnacle of success is considered achieved when some moving-picture manager beseeches them to accept a monthly salary, a multiple of the yearly one of the President.

Poetry, too, has most distinctly gone out of fashion. Shakespeare has become a sad scenic adventure. What the old-timers call the glamour of other days the younger generation dismiss as tinsel and clap-trap. Those who talk of the "golden age" of the theatre sneer at the newer playwrights as "ideologists." Mr. Sothern's earlier audiences would have pelted a Wedekind play off the stage. Yet it is true to-day that there is too great talk of "function" in the drama leagues and too little of art. We are bringing to birth a new child of truth in the theatre, and we are so bitter at our earlier offspring who has disappointed us that we cannot even see its beauties. Mr. Sothern reminds us. Schnitzler may bring us new insights. But the older tradition satisfied elemental needs, too — the need for good humor and high romance. Call it a vicarious world of absurdity, if you will, but listen to Mr. Sothern and you will know that it was, as well, a gentle and lovable one.

H. S.

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